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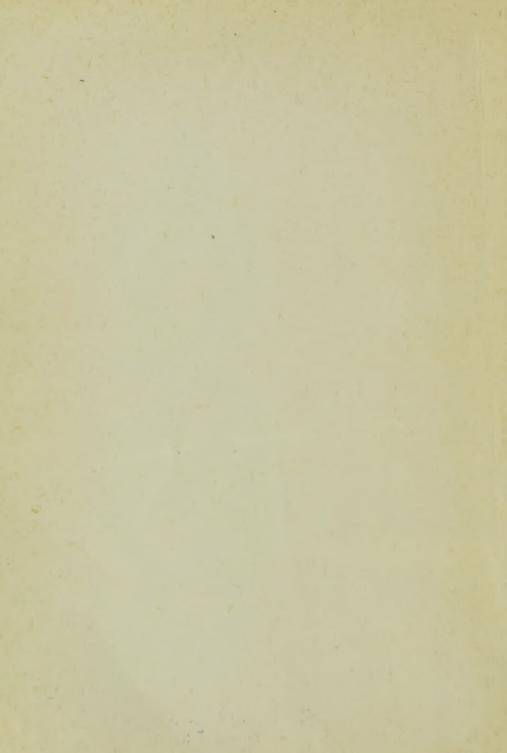
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A FOURTH READER

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PREFACE

In the preparation of the Fourth Reader the aim has been to make it an appropriate sequel to the third as a continuation of the study of literature. The choice of selections has been dictated primarily by a desire to excite the interest, improve the taste, train the judgment, ennoble the ideas, and develop the imagination of the pupils, and to cultivate a liking for good literature which will prompt them to read for themselves through later life.

For the more successful accomplishment of this purpose, a much larger proportion of poetry than is usually to be found in readers of this grade has been inserted. Whatever the correct psychological or æsthetic explanation may be, the fact undoubtedly is that the majority of children are naturally fond of poetry, of which the melodious language and the rhythmic movement appeal to their nascent sense of the beautiful.

To intensify this preference is a legitimate object of school training, and with this in view critical care has been exercised in the selection of the poems. Since form is a matter of great importance with the young, and since Tennyson's poetry is in form the most perfect and the most varied in the language, advantage has been taken of the expiration of the copyright of most of his poems to insert an unusually large number of them. Needless to say, while in point of formal perfection they are pre-eminent, they are hardly less so in the still more important qualities of literature—good sense, good taste, and good morals.

While wonder lore is still allowed a place in this reader to a limited extent, more prominence is given than in the third to historical incidents, the selections in this department including some of the finest poems in ballad form. Animal stories are a

marked feature of the collection, two of the very best of their class being inserted here by special permission of their authors, Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, both eminent Canadian writers.

No department of literature has a stronger or more enduring charm for readers old or young than biography has, and some of the selections introduce to the pupils men of world-wide fame. With a view to add to the interest and value of this department a large number of portraits and illustrations, engraved specially for this reader, have been inserted.

While the grading of the lessons according to difficulty has not been lost sight of, special attention has been paid to the grouping of the selections, so as to afford opportunities for the application of the comparative method. Attention is specially directed in this connection to those from Shakespeare, Milton, and the Book of Psalms, near the end of the volume. While it is not possible for pupils to carry away from the study of such selections all that maturer minds will find in them, there is no reason to doubt that even young people may be greatly impressed by the loftiness of the thought, the felicity of the diction, and the "witchery of the consummate verse."

It should not be necessary at this stage in the pupil's progress to dwell on the unspeakable importance of oral reading in relation to culture. Ability to adequately interpret literature to the ear of the hearer by the voice of the reader is an extremely valuable accomplishment. The great obstacle to its acquisition is the too prevalent practice of requiring the pupil to read what he has not mastered for himself. Every lesson should be studied as literature before any attempt is made to read it aloud, care being taken in every instance to impress on the pupils the necessity for interpretative analysis as a preliminary to expressive reading. The habit of mind thus cultivated will be of great benefit all through life in other spheres of mental activity no less than in this one.

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FOURTH READER

TO THE QUEEN

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON (Lincolnshire, England, 1809-1892).—One of the most noted poets of the Victorian Age. He displayed at an early age a fondness for writing poetry, and published his first collection of poems in 1830. Others appeared in 1832 and in 1842. His chief poems are: "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King." Among his later works are: "Queen Mary," "Harold," "The Falcon," and "The Cup"—all dramatic in form. One of his best known shorter poems is "Crossing the Bar," which was written in his eighty-first year. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. In 1884 he was



raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt. Tennyson is a master of melody, and the words he uses are, for the most part, Anglo-Saxon.

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes, And thro' wild March the throstle calls, Where all about your palace-walls The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good;

"Her court was pure; her life serene; God gave her peace; her land reposed; A thousand claims to reverence closed In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree, Which kept her throne unshaken still, Broad-based upon her people's will, And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING (Bombay, India, 1865——).— Writer of very popular short stories, poet, and novelist. Educated at Westward Ho, North Devon, England. Engaged in newspaper work on returning to India. Later he travelled much in China, Japan, Africa, Australia, and America. His descriptions of soldier-life in India are unsurpassed. Some of his works are: "Soldiers Three," "The Jungle Books," "Captains Courageous," "The Light that Failed." His "Recessional" is one of the great hymns in our language. It was written just after the great naval review, which closed the diamond jubilee rejoicings in honor of Queen Victoria's sixty years of happy reign (1897).



God of our fathers known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine: Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies, The captains and the kings depart; Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe: Such boasting as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds without the Law, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and iron shard, All valiant dust that builds on dust And guarding calls not Thee to guard For frantic boast and foolish word, Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

AXE GRINDING BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (Boston, Mass., 1706-1790).—Statesman and philosopher; a prominent leader in colonial times in America. Began life as a printer's boy. He wrote a series of almanacs (1732-1757) under the penname of "Poor Richard," the full name of the supposed author being Richard Saunders. He also wrote various articles on the laws of electricity, numerous essays, and a very interesting autobiography. His style resembles that of Addison.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little tellow" said he. "Will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."



My hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground.

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day.

It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant. Scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "that man has an axe to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people and making great—professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluted people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

A SMALL CATECHISM

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE (Louth, Ireland, 1825-1868). Journalist, orator, and poet. After the failure of the Irish revolutionary movement in 1848, with which he was connected, he fled to the United States. He removed to Montreal in 1857, and soon became one of the advisers of the Crown in Canada. He was assassinated by a Fenian just after he had delivered a brilliant speech in the House of Commons on the advantages to be gained by the recently formed union of the Provinces.

Why are children's eyes so bright?

Tell me why.

'Tis because the infinite,
Which they've left, is still in sight,
And they know no earthly blight—
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay?

Tell me why.

'Tis because their hearts have play
In their bosoms every day,
Free from sin and sorrow's sway—

Therefore 'tis they laugh and play.

Why do children speak so free?

Tell me why.

'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming they are free,
Hearts, not lips, their organs be

Therefore 'tis they speak so free.

Why do children love so true?

Tell me why.

'Tis because they cleave unto
A familiar, favorite few,
Without art or self in view—

Therefore children love so true.



FROM THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

And seeing the multipudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND CHARLES I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (Salem, Mass., U.S., 1804-1864).—One of the best American writers of fiction, his "Scarlet Letter" being regarded by many critics as one of the greatest novels ever produced in America. Among his best known books are "Twice-told Tales," "Tanglewood Tales," "The Wonderbook," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." Visitors to Salem are shown many places and objects which have acquired an interest through being mentioned in Hawthorne's stories.

Not long after King James I, took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrooke. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him for a good many years. In it there was a great hall, hung round with coats-of-arms and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in battle.

This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew, who had been called Oliver after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name of little Noll. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was forever in mischief and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by a miracle. Eyen while he was an infant in

the cradle a strange accident had befallen him. A huge ape, which was kept in the family, snatched up little Noll in his arms, and clambered with him to the roof of the house. There this ugly beast sat grinning at the affrighted spectators, as if it had done the most praiseworthy thing imaginable. Fortunately, however, he brought the child safe down again.

One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrooke with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, guards, and squires, who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the king's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen, and the neighbors knew by the smoke which poured out of the chimney that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying were going on merrily.

By and by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching, and a heavy old-fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver with his hat in his hand stood at the gate to receive the king. His Majesty was dressed in a suit of green; he had a feather in his hat, and a triple ruff round his neck, and over his shoulder was slung a hunting-horn instead of a sword. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world, but the

spectators gazed at him as if there was something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

"How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scottish accent, for Scotland was his native country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down while His Majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground, he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself. "I have brought my son Charlie to see ye," said the king. "I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his playmate."

Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men in their grey beards, humbled themselves before this child. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him. The poor little prince! From his earliest infancy not a soul had dared to contradict him; everybody around him had acted as if he were a superior being, so that, of course, he had imbibed the same opinion of himself. He naturally supposed that the kingdom of Great Britain and all its people had been created solely for his benefit and amusement.

"What a noble little prince he is!" exclaimed Sir Oliver. "No, please Your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of His Royal Highness; but there is a nephew of mine about the house. He is near the prince's age and will be but too happy to wait upon His Royal Highness."

"Send for him, man! send for him!" said the king. But as it happened, there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants, and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose, which had been put on new and clean in honor of the king's visit, were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle, and the prince one of his playfellows. This was little Noll himself.

"Here, please Your Majesty, is my nephew," said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor. "Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's majesty."

The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the king, for in those days children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince in a very grave manner extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

"Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the prince." "I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?" All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn betimes what sort of a people he was to rule over. So King James and his train entered the house, and the prince with Noll and some other children were sent to play in a separate room while His Majesty was at dinner. The young people soon became acquainted, for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play and are pleased with one another's society. With what games they diverted themselves I cannot tell. Perhaps they played at ball, or blind-man's buff, perhaps at leapfrog.

Meanwhile King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair under a canopy at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him the various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees. But fate had ordained that good King James should not finish his dinner in peace. All of a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together, while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard,

trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at the table looked aghast.

"Mercy on us!" muttered Sir Oliver; "that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other." Getting up from the table he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the playroom. On looking in, they beheld the little Prince Charles with his rich dress all torn, and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time with a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight not only the prince but king and kingdom too.

"You little villain!" cried his uncle. "What have you been about? Down on your knees this instant and ask the prince's pardon. How dare you lay your hands on the king's majesty's royal son?"

"He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll, "and I've only given him his due."

Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and brought to

trial for high treason. Others, in their zeal for the king's service, were about to lay hands on the boy to chastise him in the royal presence. But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist.

"Thou art a bold boy," said he, looking fixedly at little Noll; "and if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friends with thee."

"I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

"Peace, Charlie, peace!" said the king; and then added, addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants, "Harm not the urchin, for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose."

So the king finished his dinner and departed, and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. But when old King James was dead and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him and beat him in many battles. Throughout this war, between the king and nobles on one side and the people of England on the other, there was a famous leader, who did more toward the ruin of royal authority

than all the rest. The contest seemed like a wrestlingmatch between King Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

When the discrowned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment-hall. Many judges were present besides himself, but he alone had the power to save King Charles, or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, he was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his majesty from death. "No!" said he sternly. "Better that one man should perish than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!"

When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride and an evil education and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on while the executioner lifted the fatal axe and smote off that anointed head at a single blow.

At night, when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with many battlemarks; his brow was wrinkled with care. Probably there was not a single trait that belonged to the little Noll who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he! He lifted the coffin-lid and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then his mind went

back over all the marvellous events that had brought the hereditary King of England to this dishonored coffin, and had raised himself to the possession of kingly power.

"Why was it," said Cromwell to himself, or might have said, "why was it that this great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?" King Charles had fallen, because, in his manhood the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights of his fellow-men.

THE BATTLE OF MARKWORTH PRAED

WINTHROP MARKWORTH PRAED (London, England, 1802-1830). Poet and essayist. For some time a member of Parliament. Especially effective as a writer of the lighter kinds of verse. His poems were collected after his death, and published in New York in 1844.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the rayen whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer, And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret stair; Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread:

And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran

As she said: "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,

Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;

The recent heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,

And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,

When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,

And hear her loyal soldiers shout 'For God and for the King!' "

'Tis soon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine! Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown, And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,

"The German boar had better far have supped in York tonight."

The knight is left alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,

His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain; Yet still he waves his banner and cries amid the rout,

"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,

And now he quotes a stage play, and now he fells a knave.



Yet still he waves his banner and cries amid the rout, "I a Charin and King, Jan gentlemen! Someon, and light it out."

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!

The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,

"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust!"

"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword This day were doing battle for the saints and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost
tower;

"What news, what news, old Hubert?"—"The battle's lost and won:

The royal troops are melting like mists before the sun! And a wounded man approaches—I'm blind and cannot see, Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!"

"I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray

As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay! Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl and liquor quantum suff; I'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—

Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

"Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,

And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance;
For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope.
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY





THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (Leicestershire, England, 1800-1859).—Historian, essayist, and poet. His "History of England" and his "Essays" rank among the best prose literature of the English language. The best of his poetical work is found in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." He also wrote "Lays of the Cavaliers." He was for many years a member of Parliament, where he made a great reputation as an orator. In 1857 he was made a peer with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North, With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red? And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout? And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root and bitter was the fruit
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong.
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine;
And the man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley and Sir Marmaduke and Rupert of the Rhine!

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword.

The General rode along us to form us for the fight,

When a murmuring sound broke out and swelled into a shout

Among the godless norsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums, His bravos of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall,

They are bursting on our flanks;—grasp your pikes;—close your ranks;—

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here!—they rush on! We are broken—we are gone;—Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast, O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right;
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground; Hark!hark!what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear? Whose banner do I see, boys?—'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys! Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar.
And he—he turns, he flies!—shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain.First give another stab to make your guest secure.Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day, And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks, Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades, Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths. Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Noon by the north clock! noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall scarcely aslope upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a rough time of it! And among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump?

The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department and one of the physicians of the board of health.

As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

Summer and winter nobody seeks me in vain, for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents and at the very tip-top of my voice: "Here it is, gentlemen! here is the good liquor! Walk up—walk up, gentlemen! walk up! walk up! Here is the superior stu!! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price. Here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen! walk up, and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a

nice cool sweat! You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see you



Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

have trudeed half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the tayerns and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwist heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing

at all in the fashion of a jelly-fish! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations—which he drained from no cup of mine.

Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me on the word of an honest toper, did you ever in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye, and whenever you are thirsty remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next? —Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule and other school-boy troubles in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people

who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog with his red tongue lolling out does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark.

Governor Winthrop drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place and, as it were, the wash bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one.

Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets.

But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring, and when the first decayed another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you, with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water

to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM



WILLIAM COWPER

WILLIAM COWPER (Hertfordshire, England, 1731-1800).—A poet whose poems are marked by simplicity and earnestness. His best known poems are "The Task" and "John Gilpin." He also wrote many beautiful hymns. He was of a very sensitive nature, and was subject to attacks of melancholy, which, in the later years of his life, developed into mild insanity. We are reminded of this condition by his last poem, "The Castaway," which is the depairing cry of a man perishing without hope or prospect of help.

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark.

So, stooping down from hawthorn top, He thought to put him in his crop. The worm, aware of his intent, Harangued him thus right eloquent:

"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he, "As much as I your minstrelsy, You would abhor to do me wrong, As much as I to spoil your song; For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine Taught you to sing and me to shine, That you with music, I with light, Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard this short oration, And warbling out his approbation, Released him, as my story tells. And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn Their real interest to discern: That brother should not war with brother And worry and devour each other, But sing and shine by sweet consent. Till life's poor transient night is spent, Respecting in each other's case The gifts of nature and of grace. Those Christians best deserve the name Who studiously make peace their aim:— Peace, both the duty and the prize Of him that creeps and him that flies.

AN ADJUDGED CASE

WILLIAM COWPER

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose, The spectacles set them unhappily wrong; The point in dispute was, as all the world knows, To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the Lawyer and argued the cause With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning, While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws, So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose ('Tis a case that has happened and may be again) That the visage or countenance had not a Nose, Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then, shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes,
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one "if" or "but"—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, Eyes should be shut.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE

ROBERT SOUTHEY

ROBERT SOUTHEY (Bristol, England, 1774-1843).—A voluminous writer of both poetry and prose. One of the three poets of the Lake School. His most ambitious poems are: "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," and "The Curse of Kehama," but he is best known by some of his shorter poems, such as: "The Well of St. Keyne," "The Inchcape Rock," and "Lodore." He was an industrious writer of magazine articles, and also wrote many biographies, the best of which are: "The Life of Nelson," and "The Life of John Wesley." Southey was made Poet Laureate in 1813.



The preparations for embarkation were completed on the morning of the sixteenth, and the general gave notice that he intended, if the French did not move, to begin embarking the reserve at four in the afternoon. This was about mid-day. He mounted his horse, and set off to visit the outposts.

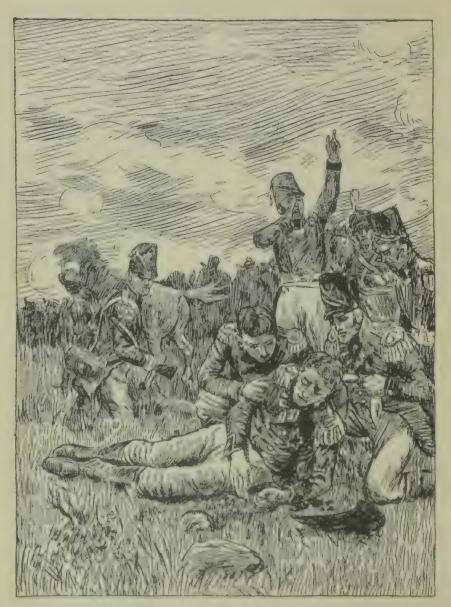
Before he had proceeded far, a messenger came to tell him that the enemy's line were getting under arms, and a deserter arriving at the same moment confirmed the intelligence. He spurred foward. Their light troops were pouring rapidly down the hill on the right wing of the British, and the advanced picket were already beginning to fire. Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of the fourth, forty-second, and fiftieth regiments, maintained this post. It was a bad position, and yet, if the troops gave way on that point, the ruin of the army was inevitable. The guards were in their rear.

General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve and to support Lord William. The enemy opened a cannonade with eleven heavy guns advantageously placed on the hills. Two strong columns, one advancing from a wood, the other skirting its edge, directed their march towards the right wing. A third column approached the centre; a fourth advanced slowly upon the left; a fifth remained half-way down the hill in the same direction. Both in number and weight of guns they had a decided superiority, and they fired with such effect from the commanding situation which they had chosen, that the balls in their bounding reached the British reserve, and occasioned some loss there.

Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with a grape-shot as he was leading on his division. The two lines of infantry advanced against each other. They were separated by stone walls and hedges, which intersected the ground; but as they closed it was perceived that the French line extended beyond the right flank of the British, and a body of the enemy were observed moving up the valley to turn it.

Marshal Soult's intention was to force the right of the British, and thus to interpose between Corunna and the army and cut it off from the place of embarkation. Failing in this attempt, he was now endeavoring to outflank it. Half of the fourth regiment were therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. This manœuvre was excellently performed and they commenced a heavy flanking fire. Sir John Moore called out to them that this was exactly what he wanted to be done, and rode on to the fiftieth, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. They got over an enclosure in their front, charged the enemy most gallantly, and drove them out of the village of Elvina; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds and was made prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed.

The general now proceeded to the forty-second. "Highlanders," said he, "remember Egypt." They rushed on and drove the French before them until they were stopped by a wall; Sir John accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of Guards to the left flank of the forty-second. The officer commanding the light infantry conceived at this that they were to be relieved by the Guards because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The general, discovering the mistake, said to them: "My brave forty-second, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets!" Upon this, they instantly moved forward. Captain Hardinge returned,



The Death of Sir John Moore.

and pointed out to the general where the Guards were advancing.

The enemy kept up a hot fire, and their artillery played incessantly on the spot where they were standing. A cannon-shot struck Sir John and carried away his left shoulder and part of his collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. He fell from his horse on his back; his countenance did not change, neither did he betray the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge, who dismounted and took him by the hand, observed him anxiously watching the forty-second, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing, and upon that intelligence his countenance brightened.

Colonel Graham, who now came up to assist him, seeing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was not wounded, till he saw the dreadful laceration. From the size of the wound it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood, and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs. Captain Hardinge, observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not be mortal, and said to him he trusted he might be spared to the army and recover. Moore turned his head, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, replied: "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible."

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round that he might see

the field of battle and listen to the firing, and he was well pleased when the sound grew fainter.

A spring wagon came up, bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded; the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed on the wagon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the wagon or the blanket was best, and the man said the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step and carry him easy. So they proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, weeping as they went.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE CHARLES WOLFE

CHARLES WOLFE (Dublin, Ireland, 1791-1823). A clergyman whose writings, published after his death, show that he possessed considerable ability as a poet. His best known poem is the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,

Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest

With his martial cloak around him

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON (Brompton, England, 1802-1838).—Novelist and poet. Her poems written under the initials "L. E. L." have a pleasing melody, and show marks of originality.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb—Beneath is a soldier lying;
The death-wound came amid sword and plume
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild-flowers surrounded;
The church shadow falls o'er the place of his rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentle weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride With his father's sword and blessing; He stood with the valiant side by side, His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame
When the red campaign was over;
One heart that in secret had kept his name
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came up on the sky;
He left his sweet home for battle,
Left his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again—but an altered man:
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer:
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone Half hidden by yonder willow; There he sleeps whose death in battle was won, But who died on his own home pillow!

THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Francis Parkman (Boston, Mass., U.S., 1823-1893).—The great historian of the northern half of America. Graduated from Harvard in 1844, and began the study of law, which he abandoned in order to devote himself to literature. After gaining much frontier experience in the Rockies, he wrote "The Oregon Trail" in 1849. His best works are: "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" (1851), "The Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865), "The Jesuits in North America" (1867), and "Montcalm and Wolfe" (1884).



In April, 1660, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison at Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the Governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the Iroquois. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors in great numbers had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river and fight them without regard to disparity of force; and Maisonneuve, judging that a display of enterprise and boldness might act as a check on the audacity of the enemy, at last gave his consent.

Adam Daulac was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France, though in what rank does not appear. He had been busy for some time among the young men

of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the sacraments.

After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoemen, and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of Ste. Anne at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were successful and, entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and slowly advanced against the current.

About the first of May they reached the foot of the formidable rapid called the Long Sault, where a tumult of waters foaming among ledges and boulders barred the onward way. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forest sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of a rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort; the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already in ruin. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it. They made their fires and slung their kettles on the neighboring shore, and here they were soon joined by forty Hurons and four Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection

to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning, noon, and night they prayed in three different tongues, and when at sunset the long reach of forest on the farther shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land: He judged aright; Canoes bearing five Iroquois approached and were met by a volley fired with such precipitation that one or more of them escaped, fled into the forest, and told their mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above: A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their fort leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack and were quickly repulsed: They next opened a parley, hoping no doubt to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences: Being provided with tools; they planted a row of stakes within their palisade to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stones to the height of

a man, leaving some twenty loop-holes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas.

This dashed the spirits of the Iroquois, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors, who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt scarcely better than a cattle-pen, but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a scattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or "hominy," which was their only food.



With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies.

Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now tried to seduce their countrymen in the fort. Half dead with thirst and famine, they took the bait, and one, two, or three at a time climbed the palisade and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. The chief stood firm, and when he saw his nephew join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast with the courage of despair.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcements had come; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with the Iroquois before their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of fire. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigor of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves

completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigor; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before, sure of a martyr's reward.

The uncertain vacillating temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many men at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together with the aid of cross-bars three split logs. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire they reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort. hacking and tearing to get in.

Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen, and exploded, killing or wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loop-holes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more they had torn a breach in the palisade, but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen, till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley, and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

Searching the pile of corpses, the victors found four Frenchmen still breathing. Three had scarcely a spark of life, and, as no time was to be lost, they burned them on the spot. The fourth, less fortunate, seemed likely to survive, and they reserved him for future torments. As for the Huron deserters, their cowardice profited them little. The Iroquois, regardless of their promises, fell upon them, burned some at once, and carried the rest to their villages for a similar fate. Five of the number had the good fortune to escape, and it was from them, aided by admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French of Canada derived all their knowledge of this glorious disaster.

To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois

had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed, to howl over their losses and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance.

JACQUES CARTIER

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas; And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier Fill'd many hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went, And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;

And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side: And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride



He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross.

In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourn'd his loss. He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de lis and cross: And when two months were over and added to the year. St. Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold.

Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;

Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip

And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;

He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with

fear

And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer,

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast; How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea, And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free; How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes

Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild, Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child; Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping; Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,

And the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key;
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er
the sea.

The crown and glory of a life is character. It is the noblest and securest possession that a man can have. It is the outgrowth of honesty, rectitude, consistency—all tried and proved. A boy may drift into bad habits as a crewless vessel may drift into shoals and breakers. He may be trained and guided into good habits as a vessel may be directed by her captain and the helmsman into fair channels and smooth waters. Bad habits are hard to break.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON



JOSEPH ADDISON (Wiltshire, England, 1672-1719).—Distinguished as a writer of essays which appeared in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* between 1709 and 1714. Their clear and graceful style drew from Dr. Samuel Johnson the high praise that "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison" His devout nature found expression in hymns, some of which are found in the hymnals of many churches. He entered Parliament and rose to the position of Secretary of State under Queen Anne.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public, when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first division, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions. I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

"Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished he beckoned me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature, and as my heart was subdued by the captivating strains I had heard I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me up from the ground, and taking me by

the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'

"'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'

"The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity."

"What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.'

"'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.'

"The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.'

"Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest and left the

bridge in the ruinous condition in which I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.'

"'I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and

fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.'

"Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.'

"'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!'

"The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.'

"I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it insomuch that I could discover nothing in it, but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands on their heads passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

"Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted

as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him '

"I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows Are sparkling to the moon; My breath to heaven like vapor goes: May my soul follow soon! The shadows of the convent-towers Slant down the snowy sward, Still creeping with the creeping hours That lead me to my Lord; Make Thou my spirit pure and clear As are the frosty skies, Or this first snowdrop of the year That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark To yonder shining ground; As this pale taper's earthly spark To yonder argent round; So shows my soul before the Lamb, My spirit before Thee; So in mine earthly house I am, To that I hope to be. Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far Thro' all yon starlight keen Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star, In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors; The flashes come and go, All heaven bursts her starry floors, And strows her lights below,

And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love
Nor maiden's hand in mine.



A gentle sound, an awful light.

Three angels bear the holy Grail.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns;
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessèd vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars
As down dark tides the glory slides
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail,
But o'er the dark a glory spreads
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height,
No branchy thicket shelter yields,
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA ANON.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, and then the voice of sobbing: "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne?"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling genius understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making

shoes, and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician." The girl blushed and the young man looked grave-somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is— Shall I play for you?" There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fraulein—" He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him and he saw that she was blind. "I — I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

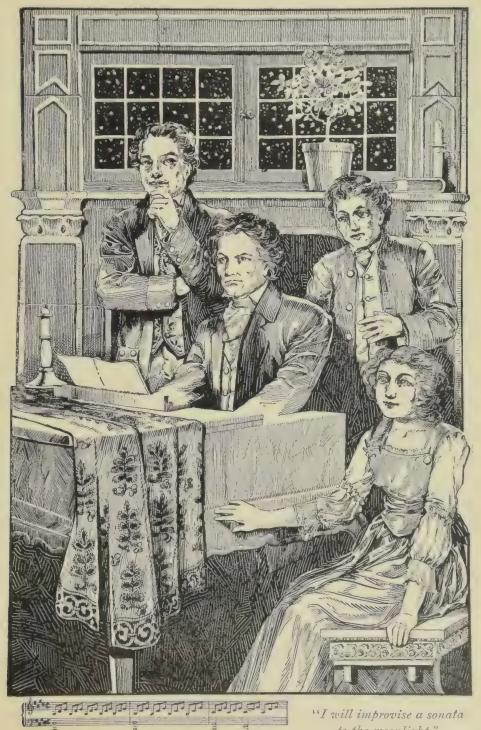
"And where did you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never during all the years I knew him did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired, and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time. At length the young shocmaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently: "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"



"I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight."

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kindly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!" He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious rugged head and massive figure. "I wi!! improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath. He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, on the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past daydawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

A LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (London, England, 1825-1864). — Daughter of Bryan Walter Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), a poet and prose-writer of some note. She wrote much for the magazines, and is the author of many well-known hymns. Her poems were published under the title, "Legends and Lyrics."

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow, Like love overcoming strife; It seemed the harmonious Echo From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again, It may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean; Tears from the depth of some divine despair Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn fields And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail That brings our friends up from the underworld, Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge: So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love and wild with all regret, O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

A DIRGE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

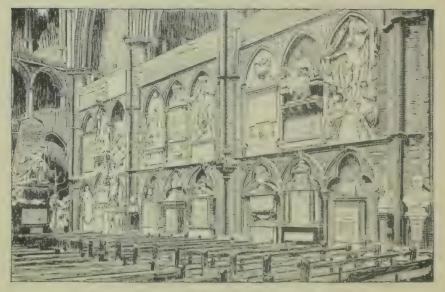
And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.



The Poet's Corner.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Inving (New York City, 1783-1859). — Best known through his "Sketch Book," a series of papers that are models of artistic and state's literary style.—His works on history and travel are also admirable.

On one of those sober and rather inclancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mountful magnificence of the old pile, and as I passed its threshold it seemed like topping back into the regions of antiquity and losing my ell among the shades of former ages. The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud and beheld the sun-lit pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions with arches springing from them, and man wandering about their bases shrinks into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom when alive kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes and forms and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger and save from forgetfulness for a few short years a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies

an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories, but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions, for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader.

Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history which is continually growing faint and obscure, but the intercourse between the author and his fellowmen is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown, for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but of whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

JOSEPH ADDISON

When I am in a serious humor I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead.

Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another, the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mould-

ering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiseuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts that I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many uninhabited monuments. which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim or in the bosom of the ocean.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; , when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

ar-dand- ---

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold Which Milton held.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY (London, England, 1716-1771).—A poet of great scholarly attainments. Best known by "The Bard" and the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the latter one of the most beautiful poems in the English language.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower The moping owl does to the Moon complain Of such as, wandering near her secret bower, Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged clms, that yew-tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed, The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care; No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure, Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

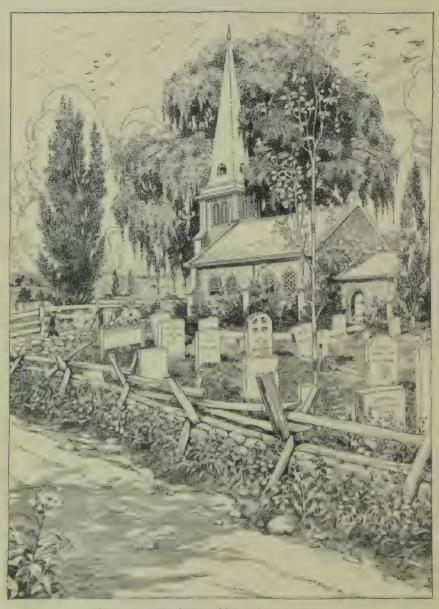
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike th' inevitable hour,— The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust, Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire, Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.



Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest; Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

men

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood; Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest; Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command, The threats of pain and ruin to despise, To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined; Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide, To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to protect, Some frail memorial still erected nigh, With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd, Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse, The place of fame and elegy supply; And many a holy text around she strews, That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd, Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some pious drops the closing eye requires, E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead, Dost in these lines their artless tale relate, If chance, by lonely contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, "Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn, Brushing with hasty steps the dews away To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high, His listless length at noontide would be stretch And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by von wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove, Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love. "One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill, Along the heath, and near his favorite tree: Another came; nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next with dirges due in sad array Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne: Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth, A youth to fortune and to fame unknown; Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere; Heaven did a recompense as largely send: He gave to misery all he had, a tear,— He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose) The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

MRS. HEMANS

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS (Liverpool, England, 1794-1835).—Daughter of George Browne, a Liverpool merchant, and wife of Captain Alfred Hemans of the British Army. A graceful writer of poems dealing with the domestic affections.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow; She had each folded flower in sight,— Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forests of the West By a dark stream is laid— The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep!

One sleeps where southern vines are drest Above the noble slain; He wrapt his colors round his breast On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who play'd Beneath the same green tree; Whose voices mingled as they pray'd Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall
And cheer'd with mirth the hearth—
Alas, for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S REPENTANCE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"Sam," said Mr. Michael Johnson of Lichfield one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead and tend the book-stall in the market-place there." This was spoken above a hundred years ago by an elderly man,

who had once been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go every market-day and sell books at a stall in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted, and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old



DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON

father in the face and answered him loudly and deliberately: "Sir, I will not go to Uttoxeter market."

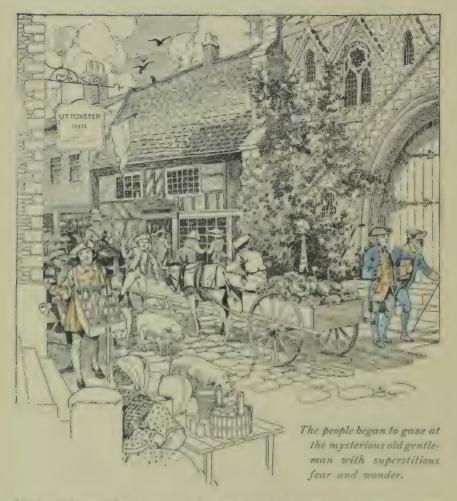
"Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if for the sake of your foolish pride you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone." So the poor old man set forth toward Uttoxeter. The gray-haired, feeble, melancholy Michael Johnson:

how sad a thing that he should be forced to go in his sickness, and toil for the support of an ungrateful son, who was too proud to do anything for his father, or his mother, or himself. Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance till he was out of sight.

"My poor father," thought Sam to himself: "how his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be. I am almost sorry I did not do as he bade me." Then the boy went to his mother who was busy about the house. She did not know what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam. "Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?" "Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire where she was cooking their scanty dinner, "your father did look very ill, and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a great boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you." After sunset old Michael Johnson came slowly home and sat down in his customary chair. He said nothing to Sam, nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the subject of the son's disobedience. In a few years his father died and left Sam to fight his way through the world by himself.

Well, my children, fifty years had passed away since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hardhearted towards his father. It was now market-day in the village of Uttoxeter. In the street of the village you might see cattle-dealers with cows and oxen for sale, and pig-drovers with herds of squeaking swine, and farmers with cart-loads of cabbages, turnips, onions, and all other produce of the soil. Now and then a farmer's red-faced wife trotted along on horseback with butter and cheese in two large panniers. The people of the village, with country squires and other visitors, from the neighborhood, walked hither and thither, trading, jesting, quarreling, and making just such a bustle as their fathers and grandfathers had made half a century before. In one part of the street there was a puppet-show with a ridiculous merry-andrew who kept both grown people and children in a roar of laughter. On the opposite side was the old stone church of Uttoxeter with ivy climbing up its walls and partly obscuring its gothic windows. There was a clock in the grey tower of the ancient church, and the hands on its dial-plate had now almost reached the hour of noon.

At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy grey wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. But when they



looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. Though his features were scarred and distorted, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his looks which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass, and the old gentleman made his way across the market-place and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it the clock struck twelve.

On the very spot of ground where the stranger now stood, some aged people remembered, old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his book-stall. The little children who had once bought picture-books of him were grandfathers now. "Yes, here is the very spot!" muttered the old gentleman to himself. There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of the pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrews, the market-place was in very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was wrapped in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head as if an insupportable weight of sorrow were upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect that there was a motion of his head and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head, but he seemed not to feel its power. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and the raindrops pattered into the market-place; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be? Whence did he come? Wherefore was he standing bareheaded in the market-place? Even the school-boys left the merry-andrew and came to gaze with wide-open eyes at this tall, strange-looking old man.

Yes, the poor boy, the friendless Sam, with whom we began our story, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson. He was universally acknowledged as the wisest and greatest writer in all England. But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had he forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now in his old age he had come hither to do penance by standing at noonday in the market-place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his book-stall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and forgiveness of God.

Character is not cut in marble; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

TRUE HEROISM

ANON.

Let others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

He is a hero stanch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed,—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, or drum,
A foe forever lurking nigh
With silent, stealthy tread:
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich be he,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free!

He may not wear a hero's crown, Or fill a hero's grave; But truth will place his name among The bravest of the brave.

EPIPHANY HYMN

REGINALD HEBER

REGINALD HEBER (Cheshire, England, 1783-1826). — Made Bishop of Calcutta in 1823. Best known as a writer of many beautiful hymns such as, "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," and the great missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion Odors of Edom and offerings divine? Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!

Star of the East the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. (London, England, 1801-1890).—A brilliant theologian, first of the Episcopal, afterwards of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he became a cardinal. He wrote many volumes of Christian history and theological controversy, and some exquisite poems.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,— Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on:

I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars; The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

-WORDSWORTH

ROCK OF AGES

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY (Surrey, England, 1740-1778). A clergy man of the Church of England, who wrote many theological treatises, but is best known through his hymns, which give expression to lofty, devotional feeling.

Rock of Ages! cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee. Let the water and the blood, From thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,— Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

THE DUTY OF CANADIANS

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, V.C., Earl of Pretoria and Field Marshal of the British Army.—(Cawnpore, India, Sept. 30, 1832.—St. Omer, France, Nov. 14, 1914).—Lord Roberts was an Irishman, the soldier-son of a soldier. He saw distinguished service in India, Abyssinia, Afghanistan, and South Africa. For two years before Germany brought on the great European war he tried to arouse England to a sense of her danger, but in vain. Three months after the war began he went to France to see the troops from India, took a severe chill, and died at the age of eighty-two.



"I can assure you I am deeply sensible of the friendly, indeed, I think I may say, affectionate, reception I have met with ever since I landed on Canadian soil, and only wish I could find words to express in adequate terms all I feel. My visit to Canada fulfils a wish, I have cherished ever since I had the honor of commanding the Canadian troops in South Africa. I was again reminded of that honor when I had the privilege a few days ago of leading two Canadian regiments before the Prince of Wales at the review held by his Royal Highness on the historic Plains of Abraham. Let me say here what satisfaction it gave me to witness the soldierly bearing of the splendid body of troops assembled on that occasion, and how proud I was

During his visit to Canada in 1908, Lord Roberts received an address from the Mayor and Council of the city of Ottawa. He kindly granted permission to publish his reply in this Reader. at being able to take part in such a striking demonstration of Canada's growing military strength.

"From all that I had heard and read of Canada, I had formed great expectations of what the country would be like, but these have been more than realized. No country that I know of has such a magnificent approach as Canada has in the St. Lawrence, the noble river which insures to Montreal such a great commercial future. No other country has such a vast extent of unoccupied land, only waiting to be taken up by people of grit and fibre to show its marvellous fertility.

"May I be excused if I venture to remind those whom I have to-day the honor of addressing, that as Canada grows in wealth and prosperity her responsibilities will assuredly increase, and may I express my earnest hope that as time goes on her rulers and people will be fully alive to the necessity of making adequate arrangements to meet those responsibilities. Believe me, it is not unnecessary to say this. Nations have often forgotten this need in times of great material prosperity. If we look back on past history and history is our surest guide we shall find that the downfall of all great nations, from Phœnicia to the Netherlands, was brought about by their failing in this essential duty. Flourishing and prosperous as these nations were, they fell an easy prey to those who coveted their riches, because they had neglected to take the most ordinary precautions and refused to undergo the personal sacrifices that were needed to insure the security of their valuable possessions.

"In my judgment it is absolutely essential, even at the present day, for the safety and welfare of a nation, that the whole male population should be prepared to take their share in its defence in times of danger. The training should, I think, commence with the boys, and be systematically carried out between the ages of ten and eighteen. I am convinced that the results of such training, the habits of order, obedience, and punctuality that the boys will be taught, will be of the greatest use to them in all the occupations of civil life. I believe myself that the advantages of such a training would be so manifest that public opinion would soon reach the point where it would demand that all able-bodied men on obtaining the age of eighteen should complete their training, and so fit themselves to take a part in the defence of their country, should their services ever be needed. This would be an easy matter and interfere very little with their civil avocations after the thorough training they had undergone in boyhood; and the discipline and self-control that would thus be inculcated would be of inestimable value, whatever the individual's career might be.

"I am greatly pleased to learn that rifle-shooting is making rapid strides here, and that large numbers of rifle clubs have been formed within the last few years. They cannot be too strongly encouraged. It has been a great satisfaction to me to find that your rifle range here in Ottawa is second only, in my judgment, to that at Bisley.

"There is another point about which I would like to say a word. I notice that your young people take great interest in athletics. I am a firm believer in their value, if carried out in a true spirit and in moderation. But I hope that young Canadians will always remember that in athletics, as in all the relations of life, they must 'play the game' in the truest sense of that term. They must play for the sake of the game, preferring to lose it fairly rather than to win it unfairly. They must be ready not to grudge their opponents every fair advantage, and they must be prepared to lose with good temper and to win without boasting.

"Canada, as I have said, has many special advantages. One of the greatest of these, I am inclined to think, is the stern winter that follows your warm summer, and the beautiful autumn, about which so much has been written. The very rigor of the winter insures that Canadians shall have the strength of a northern race, and attracts to this country the hardiest people of the old world. Then the business energy and high sense of honor which characterize the British, and the courtesy and refinement for which the French are so famous, qualities which have done much to make these two nations great and prosperous. are the natural heritage of the people of Canada; and so long as Canada continues to cultivate these qualities. she is bound to become not only a great country, but to take a leading part in the future of the British Empire."

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS

A soldier of the Union Army had slept at his post. For this he had been condemned to be shot. His father and a minister, Mr. Allan, were talking the matter over in the presence of his sister, little Blossom, who sat near them, listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. Now she answered a gentle tap on the kitchen door, opening it to receive a letter from a neighbor's hand. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it, and read as follows:—

DEAR FATHER: When this reaches you—I—shall—be in—eternity. At first it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty!—oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me!

But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can not now. You know I promised Jimmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage besides my own on our march. Toward night we went in on doublequick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too. And as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we went into camp, and then it was Jimmie's turn to be sentry and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well -until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" said Mr. Owen. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me, to-day, that I have a short reprieve—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death up against Jimmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-bye, father! God seems near and dear to me, as if He felt sorry for His poor broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him—in a better, better life."

"Amen," said Mr. Owen, solemnly, "Amen."

"To-night I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop waiting for me; but—I—shall never—never—come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back-stoop" opened softly and a little girl glided out and went down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather to fly than to walk, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good kind heart like the President's

could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life.

The President had but just seated himself to his evening's task when the door softly opened, and Blossom with downcast eyes and folded hands stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes, I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jimmie's night, not his; but Jimmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand." And the kind man, as ever, caught eagerly at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! And he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple, straightforward story and handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln to read. He read it carefully, then taking up his pen wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom, and who shall doubt that God heard that prayer?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap was fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised!"



The heavy night hung dark.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

MRS. HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rockbound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed, And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they the true-hearted came;

Not with the roll of stirring drums and the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear;

They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea; And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam, And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band; Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye lit by her deep love's truth; There was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas? the spoils of war? -they sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod;

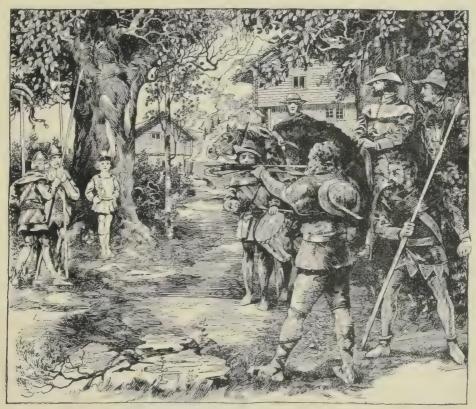
They have left unstained what there they found—freedom to worship God!

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON CHAMBERS' "TRACTS"

The sun already shone brightly as William Tell entered the town of Altorf, and he advanced at once to the public place, where the first object that caught his eyes was a handsome cap embroidered with gold stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers were walking around it in silence, and the people of Altorf as they passed bowed their head to the symbol of authority. The cap had been set up by Gessler, the Austrian commander, for the purpose of discovering those who were not submissive to the Austrian power, which had ruled the people of the Swiss Cantons for a long time with great severity. He suspected that the people were about to break into rebellion, and with a view to learn who were the most discontented, he had placed the ducal cap of Austria on this pole, publicly proclaiming that every one passing near, or within sight of it, should bow before it in proof of his homage to the duke.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange attempt to humble the people, and, leaning on his cross-bow, gazed scornfully on them and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone amidst the cringing crowd carried his head erect. He ordered him to be seized and disarmed by the soldiers and then conducted him to Gessler, who put some questions to him which he

answered so haughtily that Gessler was both surprised and angry. Suddenly he was struck by the likeness between him and the boy Walter Tell, whom he had seized and put in prison the previous day for uttering



The apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

some seditious words; he immediately asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so famous as the best marksman in the Canton. Gessler at once resolved to punish both father and son at the same time by a method which was perhaps the most refined act of torture that man ever

imagined. As soon, then, as the youth was brought out, the governor turned to Tell and said, "I have often heard of thy great skill as an archer and I now intend to put it to the proof. Thy son shall be placed at a distance of a hundred yards with an apple on his head. If thou strikest the apple with thine arrow I will pardon you both, but if thou refusest this trial thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell implored Gessler to spare him so cruel a trial, in which he might perhaps kill his beloved boy with his own hand. The governor would not alter his purpose, so Tell at last agreed to shoot at the apple as the only chance of saving his son's life. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree. Gessler some distance behind watched every motion. His cross-bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. He stooped down and, taking a long time to choose an arrow, managed to hide a second in his girdle.

After being in doubt for some time, his whole soul beaming in his face, his love for his son rendering him almost powerless, he at length roused himself drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

The market-place of Altorf was filled with loud cheers. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by his emotions, fell fainting to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him awaiting his recovery, which speedily

taking place, Tell rose and turned away with horror from the governor, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but what needed you with that second arrow which I see in your girdle?" Tell replied that it was the custom of the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve. "Nay, nay," said Gessler, "tell me thy real motive, and, whatever it may have been, speak frankly and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son."

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow
You think of a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there and Silence
Enthroned in Heaven looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers
From off their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep.
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know
Of how the town was saved one night
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred A Tyrol maid had fled
To serve in the Swiss valleys
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented
To the calm toils of life.

And so she dwelt, the valley
More peaceful year by year,
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers heedless of their fields
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round,
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down,
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
Which stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,

Then care and doubt were fled;

With jovial laugh they feasted;

The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village

Rose up, his glass in hand,

And cried, "We drink the downfall

Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Nothing she heard around her,
Though shouts rang forth again;
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh, faster!"
Eleven, the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But, louder than bells ringing,
Or, lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

And looser throws the rein;
The steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the lights of Bregenz
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz
By gateway, street and tower,
The watcher paces all night long
And calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O, crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies
He calls the maiden's name!

THE PATRIOTIC DEAD

WILLIAM COLLINS

WILLIAM COLLINS (England, 1721-1759). Wrote ode on "The Passions," and shorter lyrical poems, many of which have much merit. His poetic genius gave promise of still better things, but his mind became clouded after 1750.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring with dewy fingers cold Returns to deck their hallow'd mould, She then shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay, And Freedom shall awhile repair To dwell a weeping hermit there!

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

-TENNYSON

THE SAGACIOUS CADI

In a district of Algeria there lived a sheik called Bou-Akas, who held despotic sway over twelve tribes. Over each tribe he placed a cadi of the highest repute for integrity and wisdom. In the government of his district nothing seemed to escape his eye. When he first took the reins of the government the country was infested with robbers, but he soon found means to extirpate them.

Disguising himself as a poor merchant, he walked out and dropped a gold coin on the ground, taking care not to lose sight of it. If the person who happened to pick up the coin put it into his pocket and passed on, Bou-Akas made a sign to his officer, who rushed forward and cut off the offender's head, and it became a saying among the Arabs that a child might traverse the country of Bou-Akas with a gold crown on his head and not a hand be stretched out to take it.

Having heard that the cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in a manner worthy of even Solomon himself, Bou-Akas determined to judge in person as to the truth of the report. Accordingly, dressed as a private person, without arms or attendants, he mounted a docile Arabian steed and rode to the town of the cadi. Just as he was entering the gate a cripple, seizing the border of his garment, asked him for alms in the name of the Prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still retained his hold.

"What dost thou want?" asked the sheik; "I have already given thee alms. What more can I do for thee?"

"Thou canst save me—poor crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men,



Just as he was entering the gate, a cripple, seizing the border of his garment, asked for alms in the name of the Prophet.

horses, mules, and camels, a fate which would certainly befall me in passing through the crowded square in which a fair is now going on."

"And how can I save thee?"

"By taking me behind thee and setting me down safely in the market place where I have business."

"Be it so," replied the sheik. And, stooping down, he with a good deal of difficulty lifted the cripple up behind him. At length they reached the market-place.

"Is this where thou wishest to stop?" asked the sheik.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down thyself."

"For what?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave thee my horse! What dost thou mean by that?"

"I mean," said the cripple, "that the horse belongs to me. Knowest thou not that we are now in the town of the just cadi? If we bring the case before him he will certainly decide in my favor."

"Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?"

"Dost thou not think that, when he sees thee so able to walk with thy strong straight limbs, and me with my weak legs and distorted feet, he will decree that the horse shall belong to the man who has most need of it?"

"Should he do so, he would not be the just cadi," said the sheik.

"Oh! as to that," replied the cripple laughing, "although he is just he is not infallible."

"So!" thought the sheik to himself, "here is a capital opportunity of judging the judge." And then he said aloud, "I am content. We will go before the cadi."

On arriving at the tribunal, where the judge was administering justice in the Eastern manner, they found there were two trials which had precedence of theirs. The first was between a philosopher and a peasant. The peasant had carried off the philosopher's wife and now asserted that she was his own, in the face of the philosopher who demanded her restoration. What was very strange, the woman remained obstinately silent and would not declare for either. This rendered a decision extremely difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here and return to-morrow."

The philosopher and the peasant having bowed and retired, a butcher and an oil-seller came forward, the latter covered with oil and the former sprinkled with blood. The butcher spoke first.

"I bought some oil," said he, "from this man and pulled out my purse to pay him. The sight of the money tempted him, and he seized me by the wrist to force it from me. I cried out, but he would not let me go. I have held the money in my hand, and he has continued to grasp my wrist, till we are both before thee. This is true, I swear it by the Prophet."

The oil-seller then answered. "This man," said he, "came to my shop to purchase oil. When his bottle was filled he asked me to give him change for a piece of gold. I drew from my pocket a handful of money and laid it on a bench. He immediately seized it and was walking off with my money and my oil when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not give up the money; and I have brought him before thee. This is true—I swear it by Mohammed."

The cadi made each of them repeat his story; but neither varied one jot from the previous statement. The cadi reflected for a moment and then said: "Leave the money with me and return to-morrow." The butcher laid the money on the edge of the mantle. He and his opponent then bowed and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple. "My lord cadi," said the sheik, "I came hither from a distant country with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the gate of the city I met with this cripple, who first asked for alms and then prayed that I would take him up behind me so that he might not be trodden down in the street. I consented, but when we reached the market-place he refused to dismount, asserting that the horse belonged to him and that thou wouldst surely adjudge it to him, since he needed it most. This, my lord cadi, is precisely the state of the case—I swear it by Mohammed."

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, riding this horse which belongs to me, I saw this man by the roadside apparently half dead from fatigue. I kindly offered to let him ride behind me as far as the market-place, which offer he eagerly accepted. But what was my astonishment when on our arrival he refused to get down and said that my horse was his! I immediately required

him to appear before thee. This is the true state of the case—I swear by Mohammed."

The cadi made each repeat his statement, and then, having reflected a moment, he said, "Leave the horse here and return to-morrow." The sheik and the cripple then withdrew from the court.

The next day a large number of persons, in addition to those immediately interested, assembled to hear the cadi's decisions. The philosopher and the peasant were called first. "Take away thy wife," said the cadi to the philosopher, "and keep her, I advise thee, in proper subjection." Then turning toward an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." The command was instantly obeyed, and the philosopher carried off his wife.

Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher. "Here," said the cadi to the butcher, "here is thy money. It is truly thine and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant he said to an officer, "Give this man fifty blows." The punishment was inflicted, and the butcher went off in triumph with his money.

Bou-Akas and the cripple next presented themselves. "Shouldst thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" said the cadi to the sheik.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?" to the cripple.

"Certainly, my lord."

"Follow me," said the cadi to the sheik. They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse,

"It is well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send thine adversary hither."

The disguised sheik obeyed. The cripple hastened to the stable as fast as his distorted limbs could carry him. Having a quick eye and a good memory, he without hesitation placed his hand on the right animal.



He without hesitation placed his hand on the right animal.

"It is well," said the cadi; "return to the tribunal." When he arrived there he took his place on the judgment-seat and waited till the cripple entered. He then said to Bou-Akas, "The horse is thine; go to the stable and take him." Then, turning to the officer. "Give this cripple fifty blows," said he. The blows were given. The sheik went to take his horse.

When the cadi returned to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him. "What now brings thee hither?" asked the judge. "Art thou discontented with my decision?"

"No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik. "But I wish to know by what inspiration thou hast decided so justly, for I doubt not that the other two cases were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, thy sheik in disguise, and I wished to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom." The cadi bowed to the ground before his master.

"I am anxious," continued the sheik, to know the reasons which determined thy three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Thou sawest that I detained for a night the things in dispute?" "I did."

"Well," continued the judge, "early in the morning I caused the woman to be called. 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand,' I said to her suddenly; and, like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the inkstand, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, and did it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands, she must belong to the philosopher.'"

"Good," said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?"

"Didst thou remark that the oil-merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly I did."

"Well, I took the money and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil-merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not greasy, the butcher's story must be true.' "

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval. "Good," said he. "And my horse?"

"Ah, that was a different business, and until this morning I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How then didst thou discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable was not to see whether thou wouldst know the horse, but whether the horse would know thee. Now when thou camest near him, the creature turned towards thee and neighed with delight, but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that thou wast truly his master."

The sheik stood a moment, then said, "Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yet I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be sheik, but I fear that I should badly fill thy place as cadi."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN



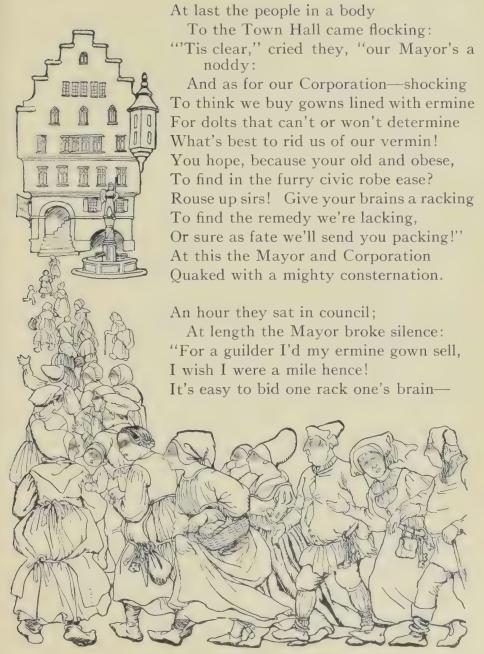


ROBERT BROWNING (Camberwell, England, 1812-1889).—The greatest poet of psychology or "truth within ourselves." He married Miss Elizabeth Barrett in 1846. "Paracelsus," written in his twenty-third year, was his first great poem. He wrote fine poetry for fifty-four years, but his true greatness was not recognized till near the end of his life. He is best known generally by his "Dramatic Lyrics." Two of these, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," are very popular.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser deep and wide
Washes its wall on the southern side:
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.



The people to the Town Hall came flocking.

I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!''
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat;
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"---the Mayor cried, looking bigger: And in did come the strangest figure! His queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red, And he himself was tall and thin. With sharp blue eyes each like a pin, And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, But lips where smiles went out and in: There was no guessing his kith and kin, And nobody could enough admire The tall man and his quaint attire. He advanced to the council-table, And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able By means of a secret charm to draw All creatures living beneath the sun, That creep or swim or fly or run, After me so as you never saw! And I chiefly use my charm On creatures that do people harm, The mole and toad and newt and viper; And people call me the Pied Piper." (And here they noticed round his neck A scarf of red and yellow stripe To match with his coat, of the selfsame check, And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? Fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept, Smiling first a little smile As if he knew what magic slept In his quiet pipe the while; Then, like a musical adept, To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled, And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled: And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered You heard as if an army muttered; And the muttering grew to a grumbling; And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling; And out of the houses the rats came tumbling. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, Grave old plodders, gay young friskers, Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives-Followed the piper for their lives. From street to street he piped advancing, And step for step they followed dancing Until they came to the river Weser, Wherein all plunged and perished! —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar, Swam across and lived to carry (As he, the manuscript he cherished) To Rat-land home his commentary: Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe, I heard a sound as of scraping tripe, And putting apples wondrous ripe Into a cider-press's gripe; And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards. And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards, And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks, And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks: And it seemed as if a voice (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice! The world is grown to one vast drysaltery! So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon, Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!' And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon All ready staved like a great sun shone Glorious scarce an inch before me. Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!' —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple. "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles, Poke out the nests and block up the holes! Consult with carpenters and builders



"First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue; So did the Corporation too.

For Council dinners made rare havoc With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock: And half the money would replenish Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. To pay this sum to a wandering fellow With a gipsy coat of red and yellow! "Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink, "Our business was done at the river's brink: We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, And what's dead can't come to life I think. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink From the duty of giving you something for drink, And a matter of money to put in your poke; But, as for the guilders, what we spoke Of them, as you very well know, was in joke. Beside, our losses have made us thrifty; A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell and he cried
"No trifling! I can't wait; beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks that put me in a passion
May find me pipe in another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook Being worse treated than a Cook? Insulted by a lazy ribald With idle pipe and vesture piebald? You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst, Blow your pipe there till you burst!" Once more he stept into the street, And to his lips again Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; And ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft notes as yet musician's cunning Never gave the enraptured air) There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling Of merry crowds justling and pitching and hustling; Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering, Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering, And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering, Out came the children running. All the little boys and girls, With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping ran merrily after The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of wood. But now the Mayor was on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Piper turned from the High Street To where the Weser rolled its waters Right in the way of their sons and daughters! However, he turned from South to West And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, And after him the children pressed. Great was the joy in every breast: "He never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the piping drop, And we shall see our children stop!" When, lo, as they reached the mountain side A wondrous portal opened wide



Like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering, Out came the children running,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed, And the Piper advanced and the children followed; And when all were in to the very last The door in the mountain side shut fast. Did I say all? No! One was lame And could not dance the whole of the way; And in after years, if you would blame His sadness, he was used to say,— "It's dull in our town since my playmates left; I can't forget that I'm bereft Of all the pleasant sights they see, Which the Piper also promised me. 'For he led us,' he said, 'to a joyous land Joining the town and just at hand, Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew, And flowers put forth a fairer hue, And everything was strange and new; The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, And their dogs outran our fallow deer, And honey-bees had lost their stings, And horses were born with eagles' wings.' And just as I became assured My lame foot would be speedily cured The music stopped and I stood still And found myself outside the hill, Left alone against my will To go now limping as before And never hear of that country more!"

As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

THE HOUSE FLY JOHN RUSKIN



JOHN RUSKIN (London, England, 1819-1900).—One of the most distinguished and voluminous writers that England has produced, and especially noted as an art critic. At an early age he wrote stories and verses, and developed a taste for drawing. The first volume of his greatest work, "Modern Painters," was published when he was only twenty-four years old. The most widely read of his works are: "Ethics of the Dust," "Crowns of Wild Olive," and "Sesame and Lilies." His writings had a distinct and powerful influence on the evolution of the vast civilization of the last half of the nineteenth century.

I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Not free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence, and self-confidence and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand: to him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is what to you it would be if an acre of red clay ten feet thick tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the

external aspect of it; the inner aspect to his fly's mind is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence one of the momentary conditions of his active life: he steps out of the way of your hand and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters—not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends—and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do-no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging, the bee her gathering and building, the spider her cunning network, the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab horse's back to the brown spot in the road from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his?

THE BIRD

JOHN RUSKIN

The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills; it breathes through its whole frame and flesh and glows with air in its flying like a blown flame;

it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it—is the air conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild unless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice: unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air: on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud bar, and the flame of the cloud crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the shifting of the sea sand; even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

TO A WATER-FOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (Hampshire County, Mass., U. S., 1794-1878). — Poet and journalist. In early life he practised law. He published his first volume at the age of fourteen, and he wrote "Thanatopsis," one of his best known poems, when only nineteen. He completed a translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* when he was seventy-seven. He travelled extensively, and wrote books of travel. He was greatly influenced by Wordsworth's poetry, and became the interpreter of the language of nature in America as Wordsworth was in England.



Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not weary to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shall thou find a summer home, and rest,
'And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

THE POET'S SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,

He passed by the town and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat;
And he sat him down in a lonely place
And chanted a melody loud and sweet
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,

The snake slipt under a spray,

The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,

And stared, with his foot on the prey,

And the nighting de thought. 'I have sung many songs,

But never a one so gay,

For he sings of what the world will be

When the years have died away.'

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (Cumberland, England, 1770-1850).—A writer of beautiful lyric poems. A profound philosopher in the study of nature. He ranks now much higher than during his lifetime. On graduating in 1790 he made a tour of France on foot. It was through his sister Dorothy's influence that he became a poet. In 1843 he was made Poet Laureate. He wrote many poems, some of which are: "Michael," "Sonnets on Liberty," "Ode to Duty," "Yarrow Unvisited," and "The Solitary Reaper."



I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

TO DAFFODILS

ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK (London, England, 1591-1674). A cavalier clergyman in a country parish who revealed the better side of his nature in poems, treating chiefly of love and rustic life, and in hymns of deep religious feeling.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And having pray'd together we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything,
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

THE SPINDLE, THE NEEDLE AND THE SHUTTLE

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

JACOB LUDWIG CARL GRIMM (Hanan, Germany, 1785-1863); his brother, WILHELM KARL (1786-1859). These brothers lived and worked together most of their lives. They were very learned philologists and archæologists. Together they were librarians at Cassel, then professors at Göttingen, and in 1841 were appointed professors at Berlin. Wilhelm wrote the greater number of their Fairy Tales, which were produced from 1812 to 1815.

A young girl belonging to a small country village lost both of her parents while she was still an infant. She was taken care of by a poor old woman who lived in a cottage at one end of the village and who brought her up to be both industrious and pious. As she grew older, the maiden, by spinning and weaving and needlework, earned enough to support herself and her foster-mother.

When the girl arrived at the age of fifteen the old woman fell sick, and one day she called the maiden to her bedside and said to her: "Dear daughter, I feel that my end is approaching very fast, and therefore the time has come to tell you that at my death I will leave you this cottage and all its contents, to be your own. Here you will have a home that will afford you shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and with the needle, the spindle, and the shuttle you can easily earn your bread." Then laying her hand on the maiden's head she blessed her and said: "Keep God always in your heart and you will never go wrong."

Not many days after this the old woman closed her eyes and died, and the poor girl followed her to the grave, weeping bitterly.

After this grievous loss the maiden lived in the little cottage quite alone, working diligently at her spinning and weaving, and the old woman's blessing seemed to rest upon all she did. No sooner had she finished weaving a piece of cloth, or carpet, or made a shirt, than a purchaser was quickly found who paid her well; so she had as much as she needed for all her wants and a little also to spare for the poor.

It happened about this time that the son of the king of the country started on his travels to find a bride. The prince could choose for himself except that he must not choose a poor maiden, though he himself did not care for riches. So he decided in his heart that he would try and find for a bride a girl who was at the same time both the richest and the poorest in the land. When he arrived at the village near which the maiden dwelt he inquired first for the richest young woman in the place, and on being told he then asked, "And which is the poorest?"

"The poorest is a maiden who lives at the end of the village in a little cottage all alone," was the ready reply. "Her cottage is easily found, for a winding path through a field leads to it."

The prince in going to this cottage rode through the village, and at the door of a stately house sat a girl richly dressed. As the king's son approached she went out and bowed before him in a most courtly manner. The prince looked at her, but he said not a word and rode on without stopping till he arrived at the house of the poor girl.

She, however, was not seated at the door, but was busily at work in her own little room. The prince drew rein, alighted from his horse, and peeped into the neat apartment. Just at that moment a ray of sunshine darted through the window and lighted up everything within, so that he could see the maiden spinning at her wheel with the most earnest diligence and singing as she worked.

Presently she glanced up, and seeing a richly dressed young gentleman looking at her through the window she cast down her eyes and continued her spinning, while her cheeks became covered with blushes. Whether the threads were even and regular at that moment we cannot say, but she continued to spin without looking up again till the prince had remounted his horse and ridden away.

Then she rose and opened the window, saying to herself, "How very warm the room is to-day!" But she looked out and watched the stranger till she could no longer distinguish the white plume in his hat, and not till after he was out of sight did she return to her spinning-wheel and work as busily as ever. Her thoughts were now on the handsome prince, although she knew not who he was; still, it was such an unusual event for a gentleman to look in at the window of her lonely cottage that she could not forget it. At last strange ideas came into her head, and she began to sing some curious words which the old woman had taught her:

"Spindle, spindle, run away; Fetch my lover here to-day!"



"You are the one I seek," he said.

To her astonishment the spindle leaped from her hands that very moment and rushed out of the house. She ran to the door and stood looking with wondering eyes after the magic spindle, for it was running and dancing quite merrily across the field, trailing behind

itself a bright golden thread. Presently it was lost to her eyes. Having no longer a spindle, she took up her shuttle, seated herself, and commenced weaving. The spindle, meanwhile, kept on its way, and just as the thread came to an end it overtook the prince.

"What do I see?" he cried. "The thread behind this spindle will lead me to good fortune, no doubt. I will trace it back." So he turned his horse about and followed up the golden thread.

The maiden, who still worked on, thought presently of another of the rhymes taught her by the old woman, and she sang:

"Shuttle, shuttle, thou art free; Bring my lover home to me!"

Instantly the shuttle slipped from her hand, ran to the doorsill, and there began to weave the most lovely carpet ever seen. In the very centre on a golden ground appeared a green creeping plant, and around it bloomed blush roses and white lilies. Hares and rabbits appeared running upon it; stags and deer stood beneath trees, in which were many birds of beautiful colors. The shuttle sprang here and there, and the carpet seemed to grow of itself.

As the maiden had now lost both spindle and shuttle, she had only her needle left to work with, and while she sewed she sang:

"Needle, needle, while you shine, Make the house look neat and fine!" On this the needle sprang from her fingers and flew about the neat little room as quick as lightning. It seemed as if a number of invisible spirits were at work, for the table and the benches were quickly covered with green cloth and the chairs with velvet, and curtains of silk damask were arranged on the windows and on the walls.

Scarcely had the needle finished the last stitch when the maiden saw through the window the white plume on the prince's hat, for he had followed carefully the golden thread till it reached her cottage. He alighted from his horse and stepped upon the beautiful carpet. Then entering the room he saw the maiden, who even in her homely dress looked as lovely as a wild rose.

"You are the one I seek," he said; "at once the poorest and the richest maiden in the world. Will you come with me and be my bride?"

She did not speak, but she held out her hand to him. He kissed the hand she offered, led her out, lifted her on his horse, and rode away with her to his father's castle. The marriage was shortly after celebrated with great splendor and rejoicings. The needle, the spindle, and the shuttle were ever after preserved with great honor in the royal treasure room. Once every year, however, they were brought out and shown to all the people that wanted to see them. We may be sure that there were not many maidens in the kingdom who did not find time to take a look at the implements which had raised a humbly born girl to the rank of princess.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ALFRED TENNYSON

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky,
And thro' the field the road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Thro' the wave that runs for ever By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls and four gray towers

Overlook a space of flowers,

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin willow-veil'd Slide the heavy barges trail'd By slow horses, and unhail'd The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?





Only reapers, reaping early In among the bearded barley, Hear a song that echoes cheerly From the river winding clearly

Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening whispers "Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day A magic web with colors gay. She has heard a whisper say A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be And so she weaveth steadily,

And little other care hath she,

The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot on an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad, Goes by to tower'd Camelot; And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed:
'I'm half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

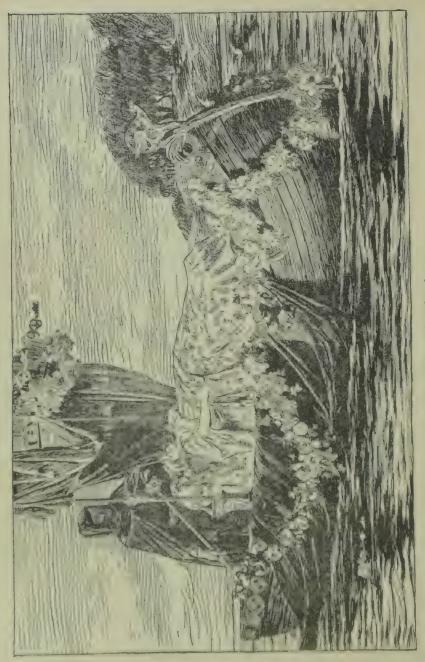
PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung
Beside remote Shalott.



The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather Thick jewel'd shone the saddle-leather, The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like one burning flame together

As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night
Below the starry clusters bright
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd; On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode; From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,

'Tirra lirra,' by the river

Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces thro' the room, She saw the water-lily bloom, She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot:

Down she came and found a boat Beneath a willow left afloat, And round about the prow she wrote 'The Lady of Shalott.'

And down the river's dim expanse, Like some bold seer in a trance Seeing all his own mischance, With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot;
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side
Singing in her song she died,
'The Lady of Shalott.'

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
'The Lady of Shalott.'

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace I had received the perfect understanding of the nature of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, as a ship her helm. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given, nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true. Peace, Obedience, Faith: these three I esteem the main blessings of my childhood.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (Durham, England, 1806-1861). — The wife of Robert Browning. She is the greatest of female poets. Her "Aurora Leigh" is a novel in blank verse, in which she discusses her highest ideals regarding woman's sphere and duty, art, and social problems. "The Cry of the Children," one of the best known of her shorter poems, is a protest against the inhumanity of child labor.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover
Riding on a steed of steeds;
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
And his sword strike men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go.'
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a 'yes' I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell'
I will utter and dissemble;—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet:

'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting,
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time a glove;
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer,—'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run;
Then my lover will ride faster
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son.
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds.
And when soul-tied by one troth
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie with her smile

Not yet ended rose up gayly,

Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,

And went homeward, round a mile,

Just to see as she did daily

What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream light-hearted
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.

If she found the lover ever,

With his red-roan steed of steeds,

Sooth I know not; but I know

She could never show him—never,

That swan's nest among the reeds.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

THE PANTHERS

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS (Near Fredericton, N.B., 1860——).—Regarded as one of the foremost among Canadian literary men. After a year's experience as editor of *The Week*, in Toronto, he became, in 1884, a professor in King's College, Windsor, N.S. He resigned this position in 1895 to devote himself to literary work. He has been for some years a successful writer of animal stories, and has published several volumes of poems and stories and a history of Canada.

One side of the ravine was in darkness. The darkness was soft and rich, suggesting thick foliage. Along the crest of the slope tree-tops came into view—great pines and hemlocks of the ancient unviolated forest—revealed against the orange disk of a full moon just rising. The low rays slanting through the moveless tops lit strangely the upper portion of the opposite steep—the western wall of the ravine, barren unlike its fellow, bossed with great rocky projections, and harsh with stunted junipers. Out of the sluggish dark that lay along the ravine as in a trough rose the brawl of a swollen obstructed stream.

Out of a shadowy hollow behind a long white rock on the lower edge of that part of the steep which lay in the moonlight came softly a great panther. In common daylight his coat would have shown a warm,

With the author's permission, from "Earth's Enigmas."

fulvous hue, but in the elvish decolorizing rays of that half-hidden moon he seemed to wear a sort of spectral grey. He lifted his smooth round head to gaze on the increasing flame, which presently he greeted with a shrill cry. That terrible cry, at once plaintive and menacing, with an undertone like the fierce protestations of a saw beneath the file, was a summons to his mate telling her that the hour had come when they should seek their prey. From the lair behind the rock where the cubs were being suckled by their dam came no immediate answer. Only a pair of crows that had their nest in a giant fir-tree across the gulf woke up and croaked harshly their indignation. These three summers past they had built in the same spot and had been nightly awakened to vent the same rasping complaints.

The panther walked restlessly up and down, half a score of paces each way, along the edge of the shadow, keeping his wide-open green eyes upon the rising light. His short muscular tail twitched impatiently, but he made no sound. Soon the breadth of confused brightness had spread itself farther down the steep, disclosing the foot of the white rock, and the bones and antlers of a deer which had been dragged thither and devoured.

By this time the cubs had made their meal, and their dam was ready for such enterprise as must be accomplished ere her own hunger, now grown savage, could hope to be assuaged. She glided supplely forth into the glimmer, raised her head, and screamed at the moon in a voice as terrible as her mate's. Again the

crows stirred, croaking harshly, and the two beasts, noiselessly mounting the steep, stole into the shadows of the forest that clothed the high plateau.

The panthers were fierce with hunger. These two days past their hunting had been well-nigh fruitless. What scant prey they had slain had for the most part been devoured by the female; for had she not those small blind cubs at home to nourish, who soon must suffer at any lack of hers? The settlements of late had been making great inroads on the world of ancient forest, driving before them the deer and smaller game. Hence the sharp hunger of the panther parents, and hence it came that on this night they hunted together. They purposed to steal upon the settlements in their sleep, and take tribute of the enemies' flocks.

Through the dark of the thick woods, here and there pierced by the moonlight, they moved swiftly and silently. Now and again a dry twig would snap beneath the discreet and padded footfalls. Now and again as they rustled some low tree, a pewee or a nuthatch would give a startled chirp. For an hour the noiseless journeying continued, and ever and anon the two grey sinuous shapes would come for a moment into the view of the now well-risen moon. Suddenly there fell upon their ears, far off and faint, but clearly defined against the vast stillness of the Northern forest, a sound which made those stealthy hunters pause and lift their heads. It was the voice of a child crying—crying long and loud, hopelessly, as if there were no one by to comfort it. The panthers turned

aside from their former course and glided toward the sound. They were not yet come to the outskirts of the settlement, but they knew of a solitary cabin lying in the thick of the woods a mile and more from the nearest neighbor. Thither they bent their way, fired with fierce hope. Soon would they break their bitter fast.

Up to noon of the previous day the lonely cabin had been occupied. Then its owner, a shiftless fellow who spent his days for the most part at the corner tavern three miles distant, had suddenly grown disgusted with a land wherein one must work to live and had betaken himself with his seven-year-old boy to seek some more indolent clime. During the long lonely days, when his father was away at the tavern, the little boy had been wont to visit the house of the next neighbor to play with a child of some five summers who had no other playmate. The next neighbor was a prosperous pioneer, being master of a substantial frame house in the midst of a large and well-tilled clearing. At times, though rarely because it was forbidden, the younger child would make his way by a rough wood road to visit his poor little disreputable playmate. At length it had appeared that the fivevear-old was learning unsavory language from the elder boy, who rarely had an opportunity of hearing speech more desirable. To the bitter grief of both children the companionship had at length been stopped by unalterable decree of the master of the frame house.

Hence it had come to pass that the little boy was unaware of his comrade's departure. Yielding at

last to an eager longing for that comrade, he had stolen away late in the afternoon, traversed with endless misgivings the lonely stretch of wood road, and reached the cabin only to find it empty. The door on its leathern hinges swung idly open. The one room had been stripped of its few poor furnishings. After looking in the rickety shed, whence darted two wild and hawklike chickens, the child had seated himself on the hacked threshold and sobbed passionately with a grief that he did not fully comprehend. Then seeing the shadows lengthen across the tiny clearing, he hadgrown afraid to start for home. As the dusk gathered he had crept trembling into the cabin whose door would not stay shut. When it grew quite dark he crouched in the inmost corner of the room, desperate with fear and loneliness, and lifted up his voice piteously. From time to time his lamentations would be choked by sobs, or he would grow breathless, and in the terrifying silence would listen hard to hear if anyone or anything were coming. Then again would the shrill childish wailings arise, startling the unexpected night and piercing the forest depths even to the ears of those great beasts which had set forth to seek their meat from God.

The lonely cabin stood some distance, perhaps a quarter of a mile, back from the highway connecting the settlements. Along this main road a man was plodding wearily. All day he had been walking, and now as he neared home his steps began to quicken with anticipation of rest. Over his shoulder projected a double-barreled fowling-piece, from which was slung a bundle of such necessities as he had purchased in town that morning. It was the prosperous settler, the master of the frame house.

The settler passed the mouth of the wood road leading to the cabin. He had gone perhaps a furlong beyond when his ears were startled by the sound of a child crying in the woods. He stopped, lowered his burden to the road, and stood straining ears and eyes in the direction of the sound. It was just at this time that the two panthers also stopped and lifted their heads to listen. Their ears were keener than those of the man, and the sound had reached them at a greater distance.

Presently the settler realized whence the cries were coming. He called to mind the cabin, but he did not know the cabin's owner had departed. He cherished a hearty contempt for the drunken squatter, and on the drunken squatter's child he looked with small favor, especially as a playmate for his own boy. Nevertheless, he hesitated before resuming his journey.

"Poor little fellow!" he muttered half in wrath. "I reckon his precious father's drunk down at 'The Corners,' and him crying for loneliness!" Then he reshouldered his burden and strode on doggedly.

But louder, shriller, more hopeless, and more appealing, arose the childish voice, and the settler paused again irresolute and with deepening indignation. In his fancy he saw the steaming supper his wife would have awaiting him. He loathed the thought of retracing his steps and then stumbling a quarter of

a mile through the stumps and bog of the wood road. He was foot-sore as well as hungry, and he cursed the vagabond squatter with serious emphasis; but in that wailing was a terror which would not let him go on. He thought of his own little one left in such a position, and straightway his heart melted. He turned, dropped his bundle behind some bushes, grasped his gun, and made speed back for the cabin.

"Who knows," he said to himself, "but that drunken idiot has left his youngster without a bite to eat in the whole miserable shanty? Or maybe he's locked out, and the poor little beggar's half scared to death. Sounds as if he was scared;" and at this thought the settler quickened his pace.

As the hungry panthers drew near the cabin, and the cries of the lonely child grew clearer, they hastened their steps, and their eyes opened to a wider circle, flaming with a greener fire. It would be thoughtless superstition to say the beasts were cruel. They were simply keen with hunger and alive with the eager passion of the chase. They were not ferocious with any anticipation of battle, for they knew the voice was the voice of a child, and something in it told them the child was solitary. Theirs was no hideous or unnatural rage as it is the custom to describe it. They were but seeking with the strength, the cunning, the deadly swiftness given them to that end, the food convenient for them. On their success in accomplishing that for which nature had so exquisitely designed them depended not only their own lives, but those of



He saw the two great beasts gliding toward the open cabin door.

their blind and helpless young now whimpering in the cave on the slope of the moon-lit ravine. They crept through a wet alder thicket, bounded lightly over the ragged brush fence, and paused to reconnoitre on the edge of the clearing in the full glare of the moon. At the same moment the settler emerged from the darkness of the wood road on the opposite side of the clearing. He saw the two great beasts, heads down and snouts thrust forward, gliding toward the open cabin door.

For a few moments the child had been silent. Now his voice rose again in pitiful appeal, a very ecstasy of loneliness and terror. There was a note in the cry that shook the settler's soul. He had a vision of his own boy, at home with his mother, safeguarded from even the thought of peril. And there was this little one left to the wild beasts! "Thank God! Thank God! Thank God! came!" murmured the settler as he dropped on one knee to take a surer aim. There was a loud report not like the sharp crack of a rifle, and the female panther, shot through the loins, fell in a heap, snarling furiously and striking with her forepaws.

The male walked around her in fierce and anxious amazement. Presently, as the smoke lifted, he discerned the settler kneeling for a second shot. With a high screech of fury the lithe brute sprang upon his enemy, taking a bullet full in the chest without seeming to know he was hit. Ere the man could slip in another cartridge the beast was upon him, bearing him to the ground and fixing keen fangs in his shoulder. Without a word the man set his strong fingers

desperately into the brute's throat, wrenched himself partly free, and was struggling to rise, when the panther's body collapsed upon him all at once, a dead weight which he easily flung aside.

Quivering from the swift and dreadful contest, bleeding profusely from his mangled shoulder, the settler stepped up to the cabin door and peered in. He heard sobs in the darkness. "Don't be scared, sonny," he said, in a reassuring voice. "I'm going to take you home along with me. Poor little lad, I'll look after you if folks that ought to don't."

Out of the dark corner came a shout of delight in a voice which made the settler's heart stand still. "Daddy, daddy," it said, "I knew you'd come. I was so frightened when it got dark!" And a little figure launched itself into the settler's arms and clung to him trembling. The man sat down on the threshold and strained the child to his breast. He remembered how near he had been to disregarding the far-off cries, and great beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead.

Not many weeks afterwards the settler was following the fresh trail of a bear which had killed his sheep. The trail led him at last along the slope of a deep ravine from whose bottom came the brawl of a swollen and obstructed stream. In the ravine he found a shallow cave behind a great white rock. The cave was plainly a wild beast's lair, and he entered circumspectly. There were bones scattered about, and on some dry herbage in the deepest corner of the den he found the dead bodies of two small panther cubs.

HART-LEAP WELL

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor With the slow motion of a summer's cloud, He turned aside towards a vassal's door, And "Bring another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—that shout the vassal heard And saddled his best steed, a comely grey; Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes; The horse and horseman are a happy pair; But though Sir Walter like a falcon flies There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall, That as they galloped made the echoes roar; But horse and man are vanished, one and all; Such race I think was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind, Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain: Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind, Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered, and chid them on With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and one by one
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain-side; I will not stop to tell how far he fled, Nor will I mention by what death he died: But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then he leaned against a thorn; He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy; He neither cracked his whip nor blew his horn, But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat, Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned, And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying stretched; His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill; And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest (Never had living man such joyful lot!), Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west, And gazed and gazed upon the darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast Had left imprinted on the grassy ground. Sir Walter wiped his face and cried, "Till now Such sight was never seen by human eyes: Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow, Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot, And a small arbor made for rural joy; 'Twill be the traveler's shed, the pilgrim's cot, A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same
From this day forth shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

"And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known Another monument shall here be raised: Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone, And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And in the summer-time when days are long I will come hither with my paramour, And with the dancers and the minstrel's song We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail My mansion with its arbor shall endure: The joy of them who till the fields of Swale, And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went and left the hart, stone dead With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring. Soon did the knight perform what he h. d said, And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered, A cup of stone received the living well; Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain flowers of stature tall With trailing plants and trees were intertwined Which soon composed a little sylvan hall, A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long, Sir Walter led his wondering paramour, And with the dancers and the minstrel's song Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time And his bones lie in his paternal vale: But there is matter for a second rhyme, And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND

The moving accident is not my trade,
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade.
To pipe a simple song for thinking her pring

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair It chanced that I saw standing in a dell Three aspens at three corners of a square, And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine; And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop, I saw three pillars standing in a line, The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top. The trees were grey with neither arms nor head, Half wasted the square mound of tawny green, So that you just might say, as then I said, "Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near, More doleful place did never eye survey; It seemed as if the springtime came not here, And nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost, When one who was in shepherd's garb attired Came up the hollow:—him did I accost, And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped and that same story told Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed. "A jolly place," said he, "in times of old! But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood."
Some say that they are beeches, others elms.
Those were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
We wiest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbor does its own condition tell: You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream; But as to the great lodge! you might as well Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heiter, horse nor sheep, Will wet his lips within that cup of stone; And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep, This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done, And blood cries out for blood: but for my part I've guessed when I've been sitting in the sun That it was all for that unhappy hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!

Even from the topmost stone upon the steep Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this last—O master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race; And in my simple mind we cannot tell What cause the hart might have to love this place And come and make his death-bed near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide; This water was perhaps the first he drank When he had wandered from his mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn He heard the birds their morning carols sing; And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

"Now here is neither grass nor pleasant shade; The sun on drearier hollow never shone; So will it be, as I have often said, Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well; Small difference lies between thy creed and mine: This beast not unobserved by nature fell; His death was mourned by sympathy divine. "The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust—behind, before— This is no common waste, no common gloom; But nature in due course of time once more Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay, That what we are and have been may be known; But at the coming of the milder day, These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide, Taught both by what she shows and what conceals: Never to blend our pleasure or our pride With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait.
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy works at last.

PONTIAC

FRANCIS PARKMAN

After the surrender of Montreal to the British in September, 1760, an expedition was sent to occupy Detroit and Michillimackinac, which had been included in the capitulation. It was met near the west end of Lake Erie by Pontiac, who with a large band of warriors accompanied it to Detroit, near which was his usual abode. He was now about fifty years old and was the principal chief of the Ottawas, who with the Ojibwas and Pottawattamies had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which he was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country, while from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and indeed to the farthest boundaries of the wide-spread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected.

The fact that he was born the son of a chief would in no degree account for the extent of his power, for among Indians many a chief's son sinks back into insignificance, while the offspring of a common warrior may succeed to his place. Among all the wild tribes of the continent personal merit is indispensable to

Abridged from "The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada" by Francis Parkman.

gaining or preserving dignity. Courage, resolution, address, and eloquence are sure passports to distinction. With all these Pontiac was pre-eminently endowed, and it was chiefly to them, urged to their highest activity by a vehement ambition, that he owed his greatness. He possessed a commanding energy and force of mind, and in subtlety and craft could match the best of his wilv race. But though capable of acts of magnanimity, he was a thorough savage, with a wider range of intellect than those around him but sharing all their passions and prejudices, their fierceness and treachery. His faults were the faults of his race and they cannot eclipse his nobler qualities. His memory is still cherished among the remnants of many Algonquin tribes, and the celebrated Tecumseh adopted him for his model, proving himself no unworthy imitator.

He seemed at first inclined to accept the supremacy of the British, but the growth of dissatisfaction and irritation among the Indian tribes gave him an opportunity to organize a widespread conspiracy against their rule, and to keep up a state of warfare from 1763 to 1765. One noted incident of this contest was the massacre of the garrison at Fort Michillimackinac; another was the siege of Detroit by a large band of Indians under the personal command of Pontiac. The siege was kept up with varying persistence for fifteen months, but eventually he was forced to retire to the Illinois country. Having tried in vain to arouse the Indian tribes in a new campaign against

the British, he finally agreed to a treaty of peace, and so far as both records and traditions are concerned was for four years lost to public view. Meanwhile the settlement of St. Louis was rapidly rising into importance as a centre of trade, and in 1769 he paid a visit to St. Ange, who was still the commandant of the place, as he had been for several years before.

He who at the present day crosses from the city of St. Louis to the opposite shore of the Mississippi, and passes southward through a forest festooned with grape-vines and fragrant with the scent of wild flowers, will soon emerge upon the ancient hamlet of Cahokia. Strange changes have passed around that spot. Forests have fallen, cities have sprung up, and the lonely wilderness is thronged with human life. Yet in the midst of all, this relic of the lost empire of France has preserved its essential features through the lapse of a century, and offers at this day an aspect not widely different from that which met the eye of Pontiac when he and his chiefs landed on its shore to attend a social gathering of the primitive inhabitants of the locality.

The place was full of Illinois Indians: such a scene as in our own time may often be met with in some squalid settlement of the border, where the vagabond guests, bedizened with dirty finery, tie their small horses in rows along the fences and stroll idly among the houses or lounge about the dramshops. A chief so renowned as Pontiac could not remain long among

the friendly Creoles of Cahokia without being summoned to a feast, and at such an entertainment the whiskey-bottle would not fail to play its part. This was in truth the case. Pontiac drank deeply and, when the carousal was over, strode down the village street to the adjacent woods, where he was heard to sing the medicine songs, in whose magic power he trusted as the warrant of success in all his undertakings.

An English trader named Williamson was then in the village. He had looked on the movements of Pontiac with a jealousy probably not diminished by the visit of the chief to the French at St. Louis, and he now resolved not to lose so favorable an opportunity to despatch him. With this in view he gained the ear of a strolling Indian belonging to the Kaskaskia tribe of the Illinois, bribed him with a barrel of liquor, and promised him a further reward if he would kill the chief. The bargain was quickly made. When Pontiac entered the forest, the assassin stole close upon his track and, watching his moment, glided behind him and buried a tomahawk in his brain.

The dead body was soon discovered, and startled cries and wild howlings announced the event. The word was caught up from mouth to mouth, and the place resounded with infernal yells. The warriors snatched their weapons. The Illinois took part with their guilty countryman, and the few followers of Pontiac, driven from the village, fled to spread the tidings and call the nations to revenge. Meanwhile

the murdered chief lay on the spot where he had fallen, until St. Ange, mindful of former friendship, sent to claim the body and buried it with warlike honors near his fort of St. Louis.

Thus basely perished this champion of a ruined race, but could his shade have revisited the scene of the murder his savage spirit would have exulted in the vengeance which overwhelmed the abettors of the crime. Whole tribes were rooted out to expiate it. Chiefs and sachems whose veins had thrilled with his eloquence, young warriors whose aspiring hearts had caught the inspiration of his greatness, mustered to avenge his fate, and from the north and the east their united bands descended on the villages of the Illinois. Tradition has but faintly preserved the memory of the event, and its only annalists, men who held the intestine feuds of the savage tribes in no more account than the quarrels of panthers and wildcats, have left but a meagre record. Yet enough remains to tell us that over the grave of Pontiac more blood was poured out in atonement than flowed from the veins of the slaughtered heroes on the corpse of Patroclus, and the remnant of the Illinois who survived the carnage remained for ever after sunk in utter insignificance.

Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial-place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum a city has risen above the forest hero, and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave.

HIAWATHA'S PICTURE-WRITING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (Portland, Maine, U. S., 1807-1882).—The most popular of American poets, because of the melody and gracefulness of his verse, and the simplicity and earnestness of his message, which win both ear and heart. His best known longer poems are: "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The attractiveness of his shorter poems has won for him the title of "the children's poet." He was for many years a professor in Harvard University.

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten, Wise men speak: their words of wisdom Perish in the ears that hear them, Do not reach the generations That as yet unborn are waiting In the great mysterious darkness Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers Are no signs, no figures painted;

Who are in those graves we know not, Only know they are our fathers. Of what kith they are and kindred, From what old ancestral Totem, Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver, They descended, this we know not, Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together, But we cannot speak when absent, Cannot send our voices from us To the friends that dwell afar off; Cannot send a secret message But the bearer learns our secret, May prevent it, may betray it, May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty, He the Master of Life was painted As an egg, with points projecting To the four winds of the heavens. Everywhere is the Great Spirit, Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty, He the dreadful Spirit of Evil As a serpent was depicted,

Indian Picture-Writing.

As Kenabeek the great serpent. Very crafty, very cunning, Is the creeping Spirit of Evil, Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles, Life was white, but Death was darkened; Sun and moon and stars he painted, Man and beast, and fish and reptile, Forests, mountains, lakes and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noon-tide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures,
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household:
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds the Prophets, The Wabenos the Magicians, And the medicine-men the Medas, Painted upon bark and deer-skin Figures for the songs they chanted, For each song a separate symbol, Figures mystical and awful, Figures strange and brightly colored; And each figure had its meaning, Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit the Creator
Flashing light through all the heaven;
The Great Serpent the Kenabeek
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven;
In the sky the sun that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant bird of magic;
Headless men that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven!
Such as these the shapes they painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin; Songs of war and songs of hunting, Songs of medicine and of magic, All were written in these figures, For each figure had its meaning, Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, The most subtle of all medicines, The most potent spell of magic, Dangerous more than war or hunting! Thus the Love-Song was recorded, Symbol and interpretation: First a human figure standing, Painted in the brightest scarlet; 'Tis the lover, the musician, And the meaning is, "My painting Makes me powerful over others." Then the figure seated, singing, Playing on a drum of magic, And the interpretation, "Listen! 'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!" Then the same red figure seated In the shelter of a wigwam, And the meaning of the symbol, "I will come and sit beside you In the mystery of my passion!" Then two figures, man and woman, Standing hand in hand together, With their hands so clasped together That they seem in one united: And the words thus represented Are, "I see your heart within you, And your cheeks are red with blushes!" Next the maiden on an island. In the centre of an island:

And the song this shape suggested Was, "Though you were at a distance, Were upon some far-off island. Such the spell I cast upon you, Such the magic power of passion, I could straightway draw you to me!" Then the figure of the maiden Sleeping, and the lover near her, Whispering to her in her slumbers, Saying, "Though you were far from me In the land of Sleep and Silence, Still the voice of love would reach you!" And the last of all the figures Was a heart within a circle. Drawn within a magic circle; And the image had this meaning: "Naked lies your heart before me, To your naked heart I whisper!" Thus it was that Hiawatha In his wisdom taught the people All the mysteries of painting, All the art of Picture-Writing, On the smooth bark of the birch-tree. On the white skin of the reindeer, On the grave-posts of the village.

There is a sea—a quiet sea,
Beyond the farthest line,
Where all my ships that went astray,
Where all my dreams of yesterday,
And all the things that were to be—
Are mine!

LOBO, THE WOLF

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON (South Shields, England, 1860——). — Also known as Ernest Thompson Seton. He is distinguished as a writer of animal stories, illustrated by himself. His "Wild Animals I Have Known" is the most widely popular book by a Canadian author.

At intervals during the tragedy, and afterward as we rode homeward, we heard the roar of Lobo as he wandered about on the distant mesas, where he seemed to be searching for Blanca. He had never really deserted her, but knowing that he could not save her, his deep-rooted dread of firearms had been too much for him when he saw us approaching. All that day we heard him wailing as, he roamed in his quest, and I remarked at length to one of the boys, "Now, indeed, I truly know that Blanca was his mate."

As evening fell he seemed to be coming toward the home cañon,* for his voice sounded continually nearer. There was an unmistakable note of sorrow in it now. It was no longer the loud defiant howl, but a long plaintive wail: "Blanca! Blanca!" he seemed to call. And as night came down, I noticed that he was not far from the place where we had overtaken her. At length he seemed to find the trail, and when he came to the spot where we had killed

From "Lobo, the King of Currumpaw," in "Wild Animals I Have Known," by Earnest Seton Thompson; by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The "tragedy" referred to in the story is the killing of Lebo's mate, Blanca.

^{*} Pronounced can-yun.

her, his heart-broken wailing was piteous to hear. It was sadder than I could possibly have believed. Even the stolid cowboys noticed it, and said they had "never heard a wolf carry on like that before." He seemed to know exactly what had taken place, for her blood had stained the place of her death.

Then he took up the trail of the horses and followed it to the ranch-house. Whether in hopes of finding her there, or in quest of revenge, I know not, but the latter was what he found, for he surprised our unfortunate watch-dog outside and tore him to little bits within fifty yards of the door. He evidently came alone this time, for I found but one trail next morning, and he had galloped about in a reckless manner that was very unusual with him. I had half expected this, and had set a number of additional traps about the pasture. Afterward I found that he had indeed fallen into one of these, but such was his strength, he had torn himself loose and cast it aside.

I believed that he would continue in the neighborhood until he found her body at least, so I concentrated all my energies on this one enterprise of catching him before he left the region and while yet in this reckless mood. Then I realized what a mistake I had made in killing Blanca, for by using her as a decoy I might have secured him the next night.

I gathered in all the traps I could command, one hundred and thirty strong steel wolf-traps, and set them in fours in every trail that led into the canon; each trap was separately fastened to a log, and each log was separately buried. In burying them I carefully removed the sod, and every particle of earth that was lifted we put in blankets, so that after the sod was replaced and all was finished, the eye could detect no trace of human handiwork. When the traps were concealed I trailed the body of poor Blanca over each place and made of it a drag that circled all about the ranch, and finally I took off one of her paws and made with it a line of tracks over each trap. Every precaution and device known to me I used, and retired at a late hour to await the result.

Once during the night I thought I heard Old Lobo, but was not sure of it. Next day I rode around, but darkness came on before I completed the circuit of the north cañon, and I had nothing to report. At supper one of the cowboys said, "There was a great row among the cattle in the north canon this morning; maybe there is something in the traps there." It was afternoon of the next day before I got to the place referred to. As I drew near, a great grizzly form arose from the ground vainly endeavoring to escape, and there revealed before me stood Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, firmly held in the traps. Poor old hero, he had never ceased to search for his darling, and when he found the trail her body had made he followed it recklessly, and so fell into the snare prepared for him. There he lay in the iron grasp of all four traps perfectly helpless, and all around him were numerous tracks showing how the cattle had gathered about him to insult the fallen despot without daring to approach

within his reach. For two days and two nights he had lain there, and was now worn out with struggling. Yet, when I went near him he rose up with bristling mane and raised his voice, and for the last time made the cañon reverberate with his deep bass roar, a call for help, the muster call of his band. But there was



Lobo and Blanca.

none to answer him, and, left alone in his extremity, he whirled about with all his strength and made a desperate effort to get at me. All in vain; each trap was a dead drag of over three hundred pounds, and in their relentless four-fold grasp, with great steel jaws on every foot, and the heavy logs and chains all entangled together, he was absolutely powerless. How his huge ivory tusks did grind on those cruel chains,

and when I ventured to touch him with my riflebarrel he left grooves on it which are there to this day. His eyes glared green with hate and fury, and his jaws snapped with a hollow 'chop,' as he vainly endeavored to reach me and my trembling horse. But he was worn out with hunger and struggling and loss of blood, and he soon sank exhausted to the ground.

Something like compunction came over me, as I prepared to deal out to him that which so many had suffered at his hands: "Grand old outlaw, hero of a thousand lawless raids, in a few minutes you will be but a great load of carrion. It cannot be otherwise." Then I swung my lasso and sent it whistling over his head. But not so fast; he was yet far from being subdued, and before the supple coils had fallen on his neck he seized the noose and with one fierce chop cut through its hard thick strands and dropped it in two pieces at his feet.

Of course I had my rifle as a last resource, but I did not wish to spoil his royal hide, so I galloped back to the camp and returned with a cowboy and a fresh lasso. We threw to our victim a stick of wood which he seized in his teeth, and before he could relinquish it our lassoes whistled through the air and tightened on his neck.

Yet before the light had died from his fierce eyes, I cried, "Stay, we will not kill him; let us take him alive to the camp." He was so completely powerless now that it was easy to put a stout stick through his mouth behind his tusks, and then lash his jaws with a

heavy cord which was also fastened to the stick. The stick kept the cord in, and the cord kept the stick in, so he was harmless. As soon as he felt his jaws were tied he made no further resistance and uttered no sound, but looked calmly at us and seemed to say, "Well, you have got me at last, do as you please with me." And from that time he took no more notice of us.

We tied his feet securely, but he never groaned, nor growled, nor turned his head. Then with our united strength we were just able to put him on my horse. His breath came evenly as though sleeping, and his eyes were bright and clear again, but did not rest on us. Afar on the great rolling mesas they were fixed, his passing kingdom where his famous band was now scattered. And he gazed till the pony descended the pathway into the canon, and the rocks cut off the view.

By travelling slowly we reached the ranch in safety, and after securing him with a collar and a strong chain we staked him out in the pasture and removed the cords. Then for the first time I could examine him closely, and proved how unreliable is vulgar report when a living hero or tyrant is concerned. He had not a collar of gold about his neck, nor was there on his shoulders an inverted cross to denote that he had leagued himself with Satan. But I did find on one haunch a great broad scar, that tradition says was the fang-mark of Juno, the leader of Tannerey's wolf-hounds—a mark which she gave him the moment before he stretched her liteless on the sand of the cañon.

I set meat and water beside him, but he paid no

heed. He lay calmly on his breast and gazed with those steadfast yellow eyes away past me down through the gateway of the cañon, over the open plains his plains nor moved a muscle when I touched him. When the sun went down he was still gazing fixedly across the prairie. I expected he would call up his band when night came, and prepared for them, but he had called once in his extremity, and none had come; he would never call again.

A lion shorn of his strength, an eagle robbed of his freedom, or a dove bereft of his mate, all die, it is said, of a broken heart; and who will aver that this grim bandit could bear the three-fold brunt heart-whole? This only I know, that when the morning dawned he was lying there still in his position of calm repose, but his spirit was gone—the old king-wolf was dead.

I took the chain from his neck, a cowboy helped me to carry him to the shed where lay the remains of Blanca, and as we laid him beside her, the cattle-man exclaimed: "There, you would come to her; now you are together again."

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.

THE CHASE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

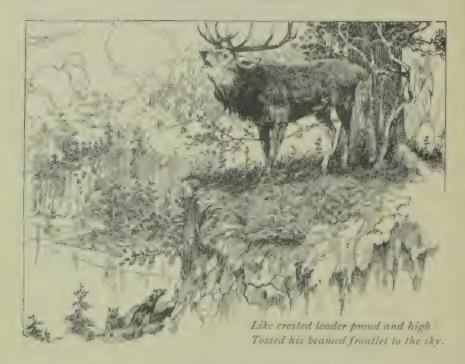


SIR WALTER SCOTT (Edinburgh, Scotland, 1771-1832).—Poet and novelist. His first literary efforts were translations from the German. These were followed, in 1805, by his "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" in 1808, by "Marmion," and in 1810 by "The Lady of the Lake," In 1814 appeared anonymously his first prose romance, "Waverley," followed from that time till 1829 by about thirty others, the whole now bearing the title of "Waverley Novels." Unfortunately, the publishing house with which he had connected himself failed (1826), with heavy liabilities. Scott determined to pay them all, and in four years' time over half the amount required was earned by his pen; but over exertion brought on paralysis.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill, Where danced the moon on Monan's rill, And deep his midnight lair had made In lone Glenartney's hazel shade; But, when the sun his beacon red Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head, The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay Resounded up the rocky way, And faint from farther distance borne Were heard the clanging hoof and horn. As chief who hears his warder call, "To arms! the foemen storm the wall!" The antlered monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste But, ere his fleet career he took. The dewdrops from his flanks he shook:

Abridged from "The Lady of the Lake."

Like crested leader proud and high Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; A moment gazed adown the dale, A moment snuffed the tainted gale, A moment listened to the cry That thickened as the chase drew nigh: Then, as the headmost foes appeared, With one brave bound the copse he cleared, And stretching forward free and far Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var. But ere that steep ascent was won High in his pathway hung the sun, And many a gallant, stayed perforce, Was fain to breathe his faltering horse; And of the trackers of the deer Scarce half the lessening pack was near, So shrewdly on the mountain-side Had the bold burst their mettle tried. The noble stag was pausing now Upon the mountain's southern brow: Fresh vigor with new hope returned, With flying foot the heath he spurned, Held westward with unwearied race, And left behind the panting chase. Alone, but with unbated zeal. One horseman plied the scourge and steel; For jaded now and spent with toil, Emboss'd with foam and dark with soil, While every gasp with sobs he drew The laboring stag strain'd full in view. Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed, Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed, Fast on his flying traces came And all but won that desperate game;



For scarce a spear's length from his haunch Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds staunch; Nor nearer might the dogs attain, Nor farther might the quarry strain.

Thus up the margin of the lake, Between the precipice and brake, O'er stock and rock their race they take. The Hunter mark'd that mountain high, The lone lake's western boundary, And deem'd the stag must turn to bay, Where that huge rampart barr'd the way; Already glorying in the prize

Measured his antlers with his eyes;

For the death-wound and death-halloo, Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;

But thundering as he came prepared. With ready arm and weapon bared, The wily quarry shunn'd the shock And turn'd him from the opposing rock; Then, dashing down a darksome glen, Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken. In the deep Trosach's wildest nook His solitary refuge took. There, while close couch'd the thicket, shed Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head, He heard the baffled dogs in vain Rave through the hollow pass amain, Chiding the rocks that yell'd again. Close on the hounds the hunter came To cheer them on the vanish'd game: But stumbling in the rugged dell The gallant horse exhausted fell. The impatient rider strove in vain To rouse him with the spur and rein, For the good steed, his labors o'er, Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more: Then touch'd with pity and remorse He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse: "I little thought, when first thy rein I slack'd upon the banks of Seine, That Highland eagle e'er should feed On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, That cost thy life, my gallant gray!"

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs Receive our air, that moment they are free; They touch our country and their shackles fall.

DOMESTIC BEREAVEMENT

EUGENE FIELD

EUGENE FIELD (St. Louis, Mo., U.S., 1850-1895). Journalist and poet of rare humor and pathos. Wrote several volumes of poems which are very popular with children. One of the poems by which he is best remembered is "Little Boy Blue," This poem was written without any special suggestion or personal experience, and is purely a creation of the poet's fancy, giving expression to a feeling that is common to humanity.

My Dear Boy:-

You know of course that I sympathize deeply with you in the first great sorrow of your life—the death of dear Melvin, the brother you loved so fondly and to whom you were so devotedly attached. It is a consolation to me to know that you boys thought so much of one another, but the thought of your loneliness fills me with grief. No one will ever fill that place in your heart, which Melvin filled; he was good to you and loved you, and you, from infancy his playmate and companion, were always a loving brother to him. I am hoping ves, I am sure, that his memory will always be a beautiful thing for you to cling to; he was so gentle in his strength and so brave and patient in his suffering. I feel that the example of dear Melvin will serve as an inspiration to you in your future life. I believe that he is happier and better off now than if he were with us, for, beautiful as the world is and attached as we become to human friendships, there is a more beautiful beyond wherein await friendships that death cannot sever. To that world we all go sooner or later, and it is there that you shall

sometime meet your beloved brother in a love and peace without end. God is good, my dearest, and He has done to us what we should not regret. The blow seems harsh and unbearable, but presently we shall see that it is well. Melvin knows all the great mystery now. He sees us and loves us just as of old; perhaps unseen he will join in your play. Who knows but that God will appoint him to be your guardian angel? I want you to feel, dearest, that your brother is not lost to you forever, but that sometime you and he and we all shall be united in a love that has no parting. Meantime you should appreciate the circumstances that you are now our oldest boy on earth, and that there has suddenly devolved on you a certain responsibility which, but for this sorrow, would not have fallen to your lot. You must feel that you are to take Melvin's place among us, seeking to be in a measure the protector of your younger brother, the guardian of your sister, the consolation of your mother, and a help to your father. You will try to be all this, I know, for I have faith in the valor of your purpose and the force of your endeavor. In about six months we shall return home; meanwhile make diligent application to your studies; be obedient, thoughtful, and kind. Above all things, be patient, gentle, truthful, and manly, and then all will love you and be glad to help you.

> Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.

THE CHANGELING

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (Cambridge, Mass., U.S., 1819-1891). — Author and editor. His poetical writings are thoughtful and suggestive. His "Bigelow Papers," in dialect poetry, satirized slavery and the war with Mexico. He was editor of the Atlantic Monthly and the North American Review. He served as United States Minister to England and to Spain.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I by the force of nature
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me.

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child
That seems like her bud in full blossom
And smiles as she never smiled,
When I wake in the morning I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky:

As weak, yet as trustful also,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me.
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward;
Rain falls, suns rise and set;
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

RESIGNATION

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

There is no flock however watched and tended But one dead lamb is there! There is no fireside howsoe'er defended But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly lamps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air; Year after year her tender steps pursuing Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her, For when with raptures wild In our embraces we again enfold her She will not be a child,

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial grace; And beautiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress'd
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay—
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

TOM BROWN AT RUGBY

THOMAS HUGHES

THOMAS HUGHES (Berkshire, England, 1822-1896). Author and social reformer. For some time a member of Parliament. His best known books are: "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Tom Brown at Oxford."

Within a few minutes of their entrance, all the other boys who slept in the same room had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers, while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; presently, however, with an effort off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring. "That's your washstand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washstand and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.



"If any fellow wants the other boot he knows how to get it."

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots so that his back was towards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then all at once Tom understood what was going on, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown! what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it." What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his "Good-night, genl'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him and the promise he had made at her knee years ago never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow from which it might never rise, and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

Next morning Tom was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling,

ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled and ready to face the whole world.

THE DEATH OF DR. ARNOLD

THOMAS HUGHES

In the summer of 1842, Tom Brown stopped once again at the well-known Rugby station, and walked slowly and sadly up towards the town. It was now July. At the school-gates he made a dead pause; there was not a soul in the quadrangle—all was lonely and silent and sad. So with another effort he strode through the quadrangle and out into the close, where he threw himself at full length on the turf and looked vaguely and listlessly at all the well-known objects. He was lying on the very spot where he had fought six years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring and his chum's whisper in his ear; and, looking across the close to the Doctor's private door, he half expected to see it open and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm trees towards him.

No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower; the schoolhouse windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left of him whom he had loved and honored was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would, worship the rising star; he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his selfish sorrow.

"If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one brief five minutes, to tell him all that was in his heart, what he owed him, how he loved and reverenced him, and that he would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away for ever without knowing it all was too much to bear. "But am I sure that he does not know it all?"—the thought made him start. "May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I shall wish to have sorrowed when I meet him again?"

And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows, and form after form of boys nobler and braver and purer than he rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them and what they had felt and were feeling: they who had honored and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know

and love? Could be not think of those yet dearer to him who were gone, who bore his name and shared his blood and were now without a husband or a father?

Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose once more and walked up the steps to the altar; and while tears flowed freely down his cheeks, he knelt humbly and hopefully to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him—where better could we leave him than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood?—at the grave, beneath the altar, of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

ETIZABETH ARERS ALLES (Maine, U.S., 1832-1911). For many years a contributor to periodical literature. Wrote under the pen name of "Florence Percy." "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" made her famous.

Backward, turn backward. O Time, in your flight.
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you. Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed, and faded, our faces between; Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain Long I to night for your presence again. Come from the silence so long and so deep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair just lighted with gold Fall on your shoulders again as of old; Let it drop over my forehead to-night, Shading my faint eyes away from the light; For with its sunny-edged shadows once more Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore; Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long Since I last listened to your lullaby song; Since, then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been only a dream. Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (Wicklow County, Ireland, 1818-1895).—Wife of Rev. William Alexander, who became Bishop of Derry in 1867, and Archbishop of Armagh in 1896. She wrote widely on religious subjects, and among her publications is a volume of "Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament." Many of her hymns are in almost universal use in church hymnology.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the 'mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,

His comrades in the war

With arms reversed and muffled drum

Follow his funeral car;

They show the banners taken,

They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,

While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor:
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave,—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought,
Before the judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God?

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours.
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the hidden sleep.
Of him He loved so well.

THE TAKING OF LINLITHGOW CASTLE

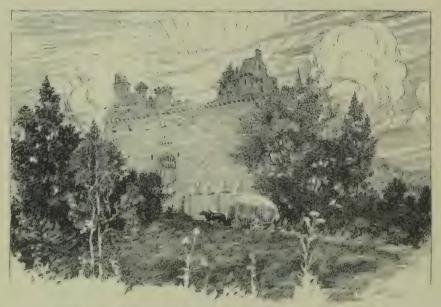
SIR WALTER SCOTT

In the reign of Edward the First, when the Scottish people fought so bravely to drive the English out of Scotland, many castles were taken on both sides by ready wit and courage. Linlithgow, a strong castle with an English governor and a very powerful garrison, was taken in this way.

There lived at no great distance from this stronghold a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English and made up his mind to do something to help his countrymen by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Linlithgow. But the place was very strong, and stood by the side of a lake; it was defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. This is a sort of door formed of crossbars of iron like a grate. It has no hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then it falls down into the doorway. As it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon. Thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be quickly let fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against

this risk also, when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus:

Binnock had been used to supply the soldiers in the castle with hay, and he had been ordered by the



Binnock had been used to supply the soldiers in the eastle with hay.

English governor to furnish some cart loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly, but the night before he drove the hay to the castle he placed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they

should hear his signal, which was to be--"Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay, but in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hav, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon, and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock went up to the castle early in the morning, and the watchman, who saw only two men-Binnock being one of them—with a cart of hay which they expected, opened the gates and raised the portcullis to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had got under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddenly cut in two the voke which fastened the horses to the cart, and the horses, finding themselves free, started forward, the cart remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same moment, Binnock cried as loud as he could: "Call all, call all!" and drawing his sword, which he had under his cloak, he killed the gatekeeper. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay, where they lay hid, and rushed upon the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hav remained in the gateway and prevented the folding doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating caught on the cart and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were lying hid near the gate, hearing the signal which Binnock had promised to give them when ready for them, ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken and all the Englishmen were killed or made prisoners. King Robert Bruce rewarded Binnock by giving him an estate, on which his children and children's children lived for a very long time after.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone; He swam the Esk river where ford there was none; But ere he alighted at Netherby gate The bride had consented—the gallant came late: For a laggard in love and a dastard in war Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So, boldly he entered the Netherby Hall, Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all: Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word), "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; Love swells like the Solway but ebbs like its tide; And now I am come with this lost love of mine To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine, There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up; He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup; She looked down to blush and she looked up to sigh, With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye, He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume:
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan; Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran; There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love and so dauntless in war, Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

A NARROW ESCAPE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (France, 1824-1895). Poet, novelist, and dramatist. One of the most popular of the French writers of the 19th century.

The death of the famous dog Sutherland—so named after the Englishman who had made a gift of him to the Empress Catherine II of Russia—nearly caused a tragical mistake, in so far as it nearly cost the donor, a celebrated banker, his life. The occurrence took place at St. Petersburg.

One morning at daybreak, Mr. Sutherland, the gentleman who had presented the dog to the Empress and who was consequently a favorite with that august personage, was suddenly awakened by his manservant.

"Sir," said the footman, "your house is surrounded with guards, and the chief of the police demands to speak to you."

"What does he want with me?" exclaimed the banker, as he leaped from his bed, somewhat startled by this announcement.

"I do not know, sir," answered the footman; "but it appears that it is a matter of the highest importance and that it can only be communicated to you personally."

"Show him in," said Mr. Sutherland, as he hastily donned his dressing-gown.

The footman closed the door, left, and returned some minutes afterwards with His Excellency, Mr. Relieff, upon whose face the banker read at the first glance some formidable intelligence. The worthy banker, however, maintained his calmness, and welcoming the chief of police with his usual urbanity, presented him with a seat. His Excellency, however, remained standing, and in a tone the most dolorous which it was possible to assume, said: "Mr. Sutherland, believe me when I assure you that I am truly grieved to have been chosen by Her Majesty, my very gracious sovereign, to carry out an order the severity of which afflicts me, but which has without doubt been provoked by some great crime."

"By some great crime, Your Excellency!" exclaimed the banker. "And who then has committed this crime?"

"You, doubtless, sir, since it is upon you that the punishment is to fall."

"Sir, I swear to you that I know not of any reproach with which to charge myself as a subject of our sovereign; for I am a naturalized Russian, as you must know."

"And it is precisely, sir, because you are a naturalized Russian that your position is terrible. If you had remained a subject of His Britannic Majesty you would have been able to call in the aid of the English consul and thus perhaps escape the rigor of the order which I am, to my very great regret, charged to execute."

"Tell me then, Your Excellency, what is this order?"

"O sir, never shall I have the strength to make it known to you."

"Have I lost the good graces of Her Majesty?"

"Oh, if it were only that!"

"Is it a question of forcing me to leave at once for England?"

"O no; even that must not be."

"Sir! you terrify me. Have you, then, an order to send me to Siberia?"

"Siberia, sir, is a fine country, but it has been much calumniated. Besides, people return from it."

"Am I condemned to prison?"

"The prison is nothing. Prisoners come out of prison."

"Sir, sir!" cried the banker, more and more shaken with terror, "am I destined to the knout?"

"The knout is a punishment very grievous; but the knout does not kill."

"Miserable fate!" said Sutherland, terrified. "I see indeed that it is a matter of death."

"And what a death!" exclaimed the master of the police whilst he solemnly raised his eyes with an expression of the most profound pity.

"How! what a death! Is it not enough to kill me without trial, to assassinate me without cause? Catherine orders, yet"

"Alas! yes, she orders"—

"Well, speak, sir! What does she order? I am a man; I have courage. Speak!"

"Mas! my dear sir, she orders—— If it had not been by herself that the command had been given, I declare to you, my dear Mr. Sutherland, that I would not have believed it."

"But you make me die a thousand times. Let me know, sir, what she has ordered you to do?"

"She has ordered me to have you stuffed!"

The poor banker uttered a cry of distress; then looking the chief of the police in the face, said: "But, Your Excellency, what you say to me is monstrous; you must have lost your reason."

"No, sir; I have not lost my reason; but I shall certainly lose it during the operation."

"But how have you—you who have said you are my friend a hundred times—you, in short, to whom I have had the honor of rendering certain services how have you, I say, received such an order without endeavoring to represent the barbarity of it to Her Majesty?"

"Alas! sir, I have done what I could, and certainly what no one would have dared to do in my place. I besought Her Majesty to renounce her design, or at least to charge another than myself with the execution of it, and that with tears in my eyes. But Her Majesty said to me with that voice which you know well, and which does not admit of a reply: 'Go, sir, and do not forget that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur of the commissions with which I charge you.'"

"And then!"

"Then," said the master of the police, "I lost no time in repairing to a very clever naturalist who stuffs animals for the Academy of Sciences; for, in short, since there was no alternative, I deemed it only proper, and out of respect for your feelings, that you should be stuffed in the best manner possible."

"And the wretch has consented?"

"He referred me to his colleague, who stuffs apes, and has studied the analogy between the human species and the monkey tribe."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, he awaits you."

"How! he awaits me! But is the order so peremptory?"

"Not an instant must be lost, my dear sir; the order of Her Majesty does not admit of delay."

"Without granting me time to put my affairs in order? But it is impossible!"

"Alas! it is but too true, sir."

"But you will allow me first to write a letter to the Empress?"

"I know not if I ought; my instructions were very emphatic."

"Listen! It is a last favor, a favor which is not refused to the greatest culprit. I entreat it of you."

"But it is my situation which I risk."

"And it is my life which is at stake."

"Well, write: I permit it. However, I must inform you that I cannot leave you a single instant."

"Thanks, thanks. Pray, request one of your officers to come that he may convey my letter."

The chief of police called a lieutenant of the Royal Guards, delivered to him the letter of poor Sutherland, and ordered him to bring back an answer



"This matter does not concern you at all."

to it immediately. Ten minutes afterwards the lieutenant returned with an order to bring the banker to the imperial palace. It was all that the sufferer desired.

A carriage stood at the gate. Mr. Sutherland entered it, and the lieutenant scated himself beside him. Five minutes afterwards they were at the palace

where Catherine waited. They introduced the condemned man to her presence and found Her Majesty in convulsions of laughter. It was for Sutherland now to believe her mad. He threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand in his, exclaimed: "Mercy, madame! In the name of heaven have mercy on me; or at the least tell me for what crime I have deserved a punishment so horrible."

"But, my dear Mr. Sutherland," replied Catherine with all the gravity she could command, "this matter does not concern you at all!"

"How, Your Majesty, is it not a matter concerning me? Then whom does it concern?"

"Why, the dog of course that you gave me. He died yesterday of indigestion. Then, in my grief at this loss and in my very natural desire to preserve at least his skin, I ordered that goose Relieff to come to me, and said to him: 'Mr. Relieff, I have to request that you will have Sutherland immediately stuffed.' As he hesitated, I thought that he was ashamed of such a commission, whereupon I became angry and dismissed him on his errand."

"Well, madame," answered the banker, "you can boast that you have in the head of the police a faithful servant; but at another time, I carnestly entreat of you, explain better to him the orders he receives."

The four-footed Sutherland was duly promoted to a glass case, *vice* the banker—relieved.

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (Cambridge, Mass., U.S., 1809-1894). — A successful physician, but more famous as a poet and essayist. He first gained fame by "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," a series of delightful essays, bright with humor, yet full of wise instruction. This book was followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" in the same vein, but not quite equal in merit. His after-dinner poems and short lyrics are among the best ever written. He also wrote a novel, "Elsie Venner," which has considerable merit.



Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I'll tell you what, There is always somewhere a weakest spot—In hub, tire, felloe, in spring, or thill, In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still, Find it somewhere you must and will—Above or below, or within or without—And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, A chaise breaks down but doesn't wear out.

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk Where he could find the strongest oak, That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke: That was for spokes and floor and sills; He sent for lancewood to make the thills; The crossbars were ash from the straightest trees: The panels of white-wood that cuts like cheese But lasts like iron for things like these: The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em; Never an axe had seen their chips, And the wedges flew from between their lips, Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips; Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too, Steel of the finest, bright and blue; Thoroughbrace bison-skin thick and wide: Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide Found in the pit when the tanner died. That was the way he "put her through." --"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew." Do! I tell you, I rather guess She was a wonder, and nothing less! Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, Deacon and Deaconess dropped away,



The Deacon's Masterpiece.

Children and grandchildren—where were they? But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred: it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty and fifty-five.
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and truth. (This is a moral that runs at large; Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November—the Earthquake-day:
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub encore.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,

And the parson was sitting upon a rock
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay. Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE TIDE OF THE BAY OF FUNDY

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON (Pictou, Nova Scotia, 1820-1899). — For three years Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. Principal of McGill University, Montreal, 1855-1893. A most distinguished scientist. First president of the Royal Society of Canada, which was founded in 1882. Among his standard works on geology and kindred subjects are: "Acadian Geology, "The Story of the Earth and Man," and "The Dawn of Life." He always contended that there was no conflict between geology rightly understood and the Bible rightly interpreted. He was knighted in 1884.



The tide-wave that sweeps to the north-east along the Atlantic coast of the United States, entering the funnel-like mouth of the Bay of Fundy, becomes compressed and elevated as the sides of the Bay gradually

approach each other, until in the narrower parts the water runs at the rate of six or seven miles per hour, and the vertical rise of the tide amounts to nearly fifty feet. In Cobequid and Chignecto Bays these tides, to an unaccustomed spectator, have the aspect of some rare convulsion of nature rather than that of an ordinary daily phenomenon. At low tide vide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed, and the distant channel appears as a mere stripe of muddy water. At the commencement of flood a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and, covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters. At the same time the torrent of red water enters all the channels, creeks, and estuaries, surging, whirling, and foaming, and even having in its front in some localities a white, breaking wave, or "bore," which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels. The mud flats are soon covered and then, as the stranger sees the water gaining with noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him as if no limit could be set to the advancing deluge. In a little time, however, he sees that the fiat, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther," has been issued to the great bay tide; its retreat commences, and the waters rush back as rapidly as they entered.

The rising tide sweeps away the fine material from every exposed bank and cliff and becomes loaded with mud and extremely fine sand, which, as it stagnates at high water, it deposits in a thin layer on the surface of the flats. This layer, which may vary in thickness from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a line, is coarser and thicker at the outer edge of the flats than nearer the shore, and hence these flats, as well as the marshes, are usually higher near the channels than at their inner edges. From the same cause—the more rapid deposition of the coarser sediment—the lower side of the laver is sandy and sometimes dotted over with films of mica, while the upper side is fine and slimy, and when dry has a shining and polished surface. The falling tide has little effect on these deposits, and hence the gradual growth of the flats, until they reach such a height that they can be overflowed only by the high spring tides. They then become natural or salt marsh, covered with the coarse grasses and sedges which grow in such places. So far the process is carried on by the hand of nature, and before the colonization of Nova Scotia there were large tracts of this grassy alluvium to excite the wonder and delight of the first settlers on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Man, however, carries the land-making process farther. By diking and draining he excludes the sea water and produces a soil capable of yielding for an indefinite period, without manure, the most valuable cultivated grains and grasses. Already there are in Nova Scotia more than forty thousand acres of diked marsh. or "dike" as it is more shortly called, which may be regarded as a gift to that fair province from the tides of the Bay of Fundy. The undiked flats, bare at low tide, are of immensely greater extent.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold was maids rise to sun their stream

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair;

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last found home and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE SEA SHELL

ALFRED TENNYSON

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot;
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man Could give it a clumsy name. Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap Of my finger-nail on the sand; Small, but a work divine; Frail, but of force to withstand Year upon year the shock Of cataract seas, that snap The three-decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock!

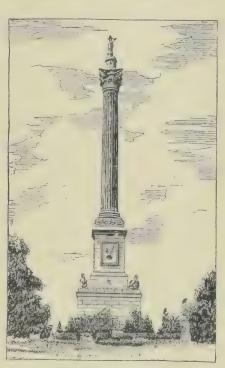
THE DEATH OF BROCK

On the bank of the St. Lawrence near Quebec stands a monument which was erected to commemorate the death of the British General Wolfe and the French General Montcalm. The former was killed on the field of battle when the city was taken by the British in 1759; the latter died of his wounds a few hours after the battle, but before the capitulation of the fortress. They were both young and heroic men, skilful generals, and true patriots. It is fitting that such chivalrous antagonists should be associated together in the inscription on their common monument, as they always will be on the pages of history.

On Queenston Heights, above the gorge and rapids of the Niagara River and seven miles below the Falls, stands another monument, which was erected to commemorate the death of General Brock. He was killed in 1812, while attempting to dislodge a body

of United States troops, who had crossed over from Lewiston and taken up an advantageous position with a view to permanent occupation for military purposes.

After the declaration of war by the United States Government in June of that year, preparations were made to invade Canada by three widely separated routes. One army crossed from Detroit; a second was assembled at the Niagara River; the third was sent by way of Lake Champlain



Brock's Monument.

toward Montreal. General Brock, who was in command of the British forces in Upper Canada, soon captured Detroit and with it General Hull's army, the latter being far superior to his own in point of numbers. He then turned his attention to the Niagara frontier, which was difficult to defend, as it was impossible to forsee where the invaders would attempt

to cross the river. The American troops were about six thousand, while opposed to them were little more than one-fourth of that number.

Owing to the scarcity of soldiers, many parts of the river bank were insufficiently guarded, and during the night of the twelfth of October a detachment of Americans crossed from Lewiston and occupied the hill above Queenston village. General Brock, on hearing the firing from Fort George, rode hastily to the scene of conflict. When he saw the situation of affairs he decided that the invading party must be dislodged before they had time to strongly entrench themselves, and he put himself at the head of the small force already there to effect this object. While charging up the steep hill in the face of a hot fire of musketry, he fell mortally wounded.

The death of their skilful and heroic leader delayed for a few hours a second attempt to recapture the heights. General Sheaffe, who succeeded to the command, made a detour to the west, ascended to the summit by an easier route, and, with the aid of troops from Fort Erie, volunteers from the neighborhood, and some Indian allies, soon surrounded the American detachment, which was by that time a thousand strong. The cliff from the rocky summit to the river below is extremely precipitous, and, unable to with stand repeated British charges, the American general surrendered with all his men except a few who escaped by descending the precipice and finding their way across the river. Many of them in their haste and

terror were killed and mangled by falling on the rocks or trees along the river bank.

Though General Brock was killed thus early in the war, his plans were so skilfully laid, and his personal example was so inspiring, that to him has always been given a large share of the credit due on account of the final success of the British and Canadian forces in clearing the Province of the enemy. His remains were temporarily interred in Fort George, the American troops on the other side of the river firing minute guns as a tribute of respect for a brave and generous foe. After the close of the war the body was removed to a new resting place under the first monument erected on Queenston Heights to mark the scene of the battle. This was destroyed a few years later by some miscreants from the United States side of the river, but it was replaced by the present noble pillar, the inscriptions on which record that under it are interred the remains of the heroic General and his brave adjutant who was killed in the same battle. A stone cenotaph far down the steep slope toward Queenston village marks the spot where the former met with his death. On no other soldier in Canadian history has such honor been conferred, and his last resting place is frequently selected for visitation by historical societies from both sides of the river.

> Yea, let all good things await Him who cares not to be great, But as he saves or serves the state.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (Haverhill, Mass., U.S., 1808-1892). — The Quaker poet of America, whose poems of nature and of country life reveal the simple, lovable, earnest character of the man. He hated all forms of cruelty and oppression, and in his poems and editorial work the gentle poet becomes the unsparing denouncer of slavery. "Snowbound" (1866), one of his best known poems, is a vivid portrayal of early New England life, full of reminiscences of members of his family. Many of his hymns, such as: "O Lord and Master of us All," and "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," are among the finest in the language.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north-wind From the land of ice and snow; The eyes that look are weary, And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot in the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?

Is it the Indian's yell,

That lends to the voice of the north-wind

The tones of a far-off bel!?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface—

The bells of the Roman Mission,

That call from their turrets twain,

To the boatman on the river,

To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow

Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

LAURA SECORD

We are too apt to forget that not all the suffering caused by war is borne by the soldiers fighting on the field of battle or defending besieged towns, and that delicate women have often done deeds of heroism which would have tested the courage and endurance of the strongest men. An honorable place in the roll of such heroines must ever be assigned to Laura Secord, who won imperishable fame by rendering a most important military service to the British and Canadian forces defending the Niagara peninsula against the American invaders in the war of 1812.

In order to understand what she accomplished, it is necessary to bear in mind the relative positions of Queenston and Thorold. The former is situated on the west bank of the Niagara River, seven miles from its outlet into Lake Ontario and at the foot of the high and steep hill known as the "Heights" or the "Mountain;" the latter, then called "Beaver Dams," is on the summit of the same hill, about twenty miles farther west or inland. After the battle of Oueenston Heights the Canadian bank of the river was controlled sometimes by the British and sometimes by the American forces. In June, 1813, United States troops were quartered in Queenston and vicinity, while their advanced posts were as much as ten miles back from the river. The nearest British force was at Beaver Dams. It consisted of a small detachment of soldiers under Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, who had with him a few Indian allies.

James Secord owned a store and sawmill at Queenston. He had fought as a volunteer at the battle of the Heights in the previous year, and he was slowly recovering from his wounds under the assiduous and protracted care of his wife. The latter one night heard American soldiers, quartered in their house, discussing a plan for the surprise and capture of the British detachment at Beaver Dams, which had greatly annoyed the invaders by cutting off their supplies and threatening their communications. The strength of the expedition was to be comparatively overwhelming, and the utmost secrecy was to be observed respecting its despatch, progress, and destination.

As Mr. Secord was unable to cross the difficult intervening country to warn the British commander, and as it was impossible for a man to pass through the line of sentries posted about the village, Mrs. Secord bravely determined to make the journey herself. The intervening route lay mostly through a thick forest crossed by several swollen streams, and offering other obstructions in the shape of muddy hills made slippery by recent rains.

Rising early in the morning, she bade good-bye to her husband and her little children, and taking her milking pail she started to walk to Beaver Dams. She was soon stopped by a sentry, but succeeded in disarming his suspicions and securing permission to pass for the purpose of milking her cow at some distance from the village. Driving the animal farther off, she entered the woods, abandoned her pail, and started on her toilsome and painful journey. Through the long hot June day she struggled on. Her progress was all



Laura Secord warning Fitzgibbon.

the slower during the first part of the journey because she had to exercise the utmost vigilance to avoid encountering United States outpost soldiers. One stream was so formidable an obstruction that she was under the necessity of searching till she found a fallen tree, along which she crept

in the gathering darkness on her hands and knees.

Almost worn out, she kept bravely on by the moon-

light till she came upon a band of Indians that formed part of Lieutenant Fitzgibbon's command. In a letter describing her experiences she tells how she was received: "As I approached, they all arose with one of their war yells, which, indeed, awed me. You may imagine what my feelings were to behold so many

savages. With forced courage I went to one of the chiefs and told him I had great news for his commander, and that he must take me to him or they would all be lost. He did not understand me, but said: 'Woman! what does woman want here?'

Having succeeded in making him understand that she wanted to see Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, she was conducted into his presence, and the information she imparted enabled him to prepare for the contemplated attack. The approaching American expedition was made up of five hundred troops with two pieces of artillery. Some Indians were sent to harass them on the march, and others scattered through the forest intimidated them by raising their war whoops. Ignorant of the number of both the British troops and the Indian warriors, the commander of the expedition halted, and, while he was still undecided whether to advance or retreat, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon rode out from cover under a flag of truce, and demanded the surrender of the force. Deceived by the boldness of this stratagem and dreading extermination, the Americans surrendered at discretion to a handful of soldiers and a few Indians.

Mrs. Secord, in spite of the hardships of that memorable journey, lived to be ninety-three years of age. Her remains found a fit resting place in the historic graveyard where lie the foemen who fought for the possession of the hill-side at Lundy's Lane, on the slope of which they were interred. A beautiful tribute to her courage and patriotism has been put into

the mouth of Lieutenant Fitzgibbon by the author* of the drama, "The Heroine of 1812":

"Men, never forget this woman's noble deed.
Armed and in company inspirited
By crash of martial music, soldiers march
To duty; but she, alone, defenceless,
With no support but kind humanity
And burning patriotism, ran all our risks
Of hurt and bloody death to serve us men,
Strangers to her save by quick war-time ties.
Therefore, in grateful memory and kind return
Ever treat women well."

BOADICEA

WILLIAM COWPER

When the British warrior-queen, Bleeding from the Roman rods, Sought with an indignant mien Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak Sat the Druid, hoary chief Every burning word he spoke Full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
"Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

^{*} Mrs. Curzon.



Every burning word he spoke Full of rage and full of grief.

"Rome shall perish!—write that word In the blood that she has spilt; Perish hopeless and abhorr'd, Deep in ruin as in guilt!

"Rome for empire far renowned Tramples on a thousand states; Soon her pride shall kiss the ground— Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs From the forests of our land, Armed with thunder, clad with wings, Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew Thy posterity shall sway; Where his eagles never flew None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words, Pregnant with celestial fire, Bending as he swept the chords Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud!

Heaven awards the vengeance due;

Empire is on us bestowed,

Shame and ruin wait for you."

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE

ELIHU BURRITT

ELIHU BURRITT (New Britain, Connecticut, U.S., 1811-1879). — He is called the learned blacksmith. While a workman he learned to speak nearly fifty ancient and modern languages. He published several volumes of interesting prose. He was a popular lecturer, chiefly on "Peace" and "Temperance."

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do" is

their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country.

He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous venture, but, as he puts his feet and hands into those gains and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs

again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above

and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!"

The boy did not look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again

into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a deathknell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his devoted heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss, but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude such shouting and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity!

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Percy Byssite Shelley (Sussex, England, 1792-1822). One of the most original poets, who gave promise of becoming England's greatest genius. He lived a life of revolt against the conventions of society, and spent his later years in Italy, where he was drowned. He is most favorably known through his short lyrical poems, such as: "The Cloud," "To a Skylark,"

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their Mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the Blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the Genii that move In the depths of the purple sea:

Over the rills and the crags and the hills, Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
The Spirit he loves remains:

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile, _ Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack, When the morning star shines dead:

As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings

An eagle alit one moment may sit In the light of its golden wings.

And when Sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath Its ardors of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall From the depth of heaven above,

With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden Whom mortals call the Moon

Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet, Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,— Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas.

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high, Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone, And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;

The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim, When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape, Over a torrent sea.

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,— The mountains its column be.

The triumphal arch through which I march With hurricane, fire, and snow,

When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair, Is the million-colored bow;

The Sphere-fire above its soft colors wove, While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water, And the nursling of the Sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when with never a stain The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph— And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb Larise, and unbuild it again.

THE EVENING CLOUD

JOHN WILSON

John Wilson (Paisley, Scotland, 1785-1854).—Essayist, novelist, and poet. Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, 1828-1851. Wrote delightful essays under the pseudonym of "Christopher North," which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which he was one of the founders. He published two volumes of poems,

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow,—
Even in its every motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous West:—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

-WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

JUSTICE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (Devonshire, England, 1772-1834).—Poet, critic, and philosopher. He formed with Southey and Wordsworth the trio of so-called "Lake Poets," but he differed from the other two, who were practical men, while Coleridge was a dreamer. He completed many poems of great merit, and he began others of equal promise, which he never completed. "The Lyrical Ballads" by Coleridge and Wordsworth were published in 1798, Coleridge's chief contribution to the volume being "The Ancient Mariner," which has been characterized as "the most wonderful of all poems."

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their Chief, who received him hospitably and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you cat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the Chief, "that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Mexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs."

"So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said, "I



The Chief received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent as well as existing advantages and consequently the treasure inclusively."

The Chief, who was at the same time their supreme

Judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright, then after some reflection said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?"

"Yes!"

"And thou," addressing the other, "a daughter?" "Yes!"

"Well, then, let thy son marry thy daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the Chief asked him.

"Oh, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the Chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody and have seized the treasure for the King's use."

"For the King's use!" exclaimed the Chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does it rain there?"

"Assuredly."

"Wonderful! but are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?"

"Very many and of many kinds."

"Ay, that must be the cause," said the Chief: "tor the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (Stratford-on-Avon, 1564-1616).—The greatest dramatist of any age or country. He was born in a humble sphere, and before he was nineteen he had married Anne Hathaway, who was some years his senior. At twenty-two he went to London and engaged in theatrical work there as an actor, in which profession he acquired a good deal of prominence. In 1593 and following years he published his poems, "Venus and Adonis," "Rape of Lucrece," and "Sonnets." The production of his plays extended over many years, and they embrace a wide range of subject and treatment, from the



most laughable of comedy to the deepest of tragedy. He wrote in all thirty-five complete plays, and assisted in the production of several others that are still extant.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits and their entrances: And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first the infant Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; And then the whining school boy, with his satchel And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school; and then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow; then a soldier Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth; and then the justice, In fair round belly with good capon lined, With eyes severe and beard of form'al cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part; the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound; last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 1.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH

To be, or not to be, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Or to take arms against a sea of troubles. And, by opposing, end them? To die, to sleep. No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heartache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;— To sleep! perchance to dream; av, there's the rule; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life: For who would bear the whips and scorns of time. The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death, The undiscovered country from whose bourn No traveler returns, puzzles the will And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And enterprises of great pith and moment With this regard their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action.

-Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S LAMENT

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms And bears his blushing honors thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root, And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd, Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders. This many summers in a sea of glory But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride At length broke under me and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ve!! I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell; And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble where no mention Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee, Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor, Found thee a way out of this wrack to rise in, A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't? fLove thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee: Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace To silence envious tongues; be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king: And,-prithee, lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe And my integrity to heaven is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king. he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

-Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 3.

HENRY IV'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP

How many thousands of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle Sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody? O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds and leavest the kingly couch A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds, That with the hurly Death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Denv it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

-Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1.

PORTIA'S APPEAL TO SHYLOCK

The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown. His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptred sway; It is enthroned in the hearts of kings: It is an attribute to God Himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this,— That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy. And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy.

-Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1.

THIRTY-THIRD PSALM

(REVISED VERSION)

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul;

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall tollow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

NINETEENTH PSALM

(REVISED VERSION)

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it,

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned;
In keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over me, then shall I be perfect.

And I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,

O, Lord my rock and my redeemer.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PSALM

(REVISED VERSION)

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

O Lord my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;

Who maketh the clouds his chariot;

Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

Who maketh winds his messengers,

His ministers a flaming fire;

Who laid the foundations of the earth,

That it should not be moved for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;

The waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled;

At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;

They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,

Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over,

That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;

They run among the mountains;

They give drink to every beast of the field;

The wild asses quench their thirst.

By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation,

They sing among the branches.

He watereth the mountains from his chambers;

The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle

And herb for the service of man, -

That he may bring forth food out of the earth, And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, And oil to make his face to shine. And bread that strengtheneth man's heart. The trees of the Lord are satisfied, The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted, Where the birds make their nests: As for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high mountains are for the wild goats; The rocks are a refuge for the conies. He appointed the moon for seasons, The sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey And seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they get them away And lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work And to his labor until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all; The earth is full of thy riches. Yonder is the sea, great and wide, Wherein are things creeping innumerable, Both small and great beasts; There go the ships;

There is leviathan, whom thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.

These wait all upon thee

That thou mayest give them their meat in due seasen.

That thou givest unto them they gather;

Thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good;

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;

Thou takest away their breath, they die

And return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created, And thou renewest the face of the ground. Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever; Let the Lord rejoice in his works, Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praise to my God while I have any being. Let my meditation be sweet unto him; I will rejoice in the Lord. Let sinners be consumed out of the earth, And let the wicked be no more. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

LABOR

THOMAS CARLYLE



THOMAS CARLYLE (Scotland, 1795-1881). - Great critic and historian; one of England's best essavists. One of his earliest works is "Sartor Resartus," a mixture of philosophy and romance. Among his most important works are: "Heroes and Hero Worship," "The French Revolution," Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, and "The History of Frederick the Great." He was very satirical, especially in regard to social customs and conventionalities. He was a great interpreter of German thought. Work and sincerity are the key-note of Carlyle's message.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and carnestly works: in Idleness alone is LABOR 281

there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou will never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance hes in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor is in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it revolving, grows round and even rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of the idle unrevolving man the blindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor!

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a freeflowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud swamp of one's existence, like an everdeepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off LABOR 283

the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a brave nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's; a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

-From Stamford's "Art of Reading." Author unknown.

TO MELANCHOLY

JOHN MILTON



JOHN MILTON (London, England, 1608-1674).—
The great epic poet of England, and one of the greatest poets the world has produced. His celebrated ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," was written when he was twenty-one. "Comus," "Lycidas," "Il Penseroso," and "L'Allegro," all of surpassing excellence, are productions of his earlier manhood. In the struggle between Charles I, and the Parliament Milton took the popular side, and during this period and the period of the Commonwealth, he wrote many controversial pamphlets and books in defence of the Puritan view of Government.

He was for a time Cromwell's Secretary for Foreign Tongues. After the restoration of the Stuarts, he devoted himself, in comparative obscurity and total blindness, to the production of his greatest works: "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes,"

Sweet bird* that shunn'st the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound

^{*} The Nightingale.

Over some wide-watered shore, Swinging slow with sullen roar; Or, if the air will not permit, Some still removed place will fit, Where glowing embers through the room Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, Far from all resort of mirth Save the cricket on the hearth. Or the bellman's drowsy charm To bless the doors from nightly harm. And when the sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring To arched walks of twilight groves And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves, Of pine or monumental oak, Where the rude axe with heaved stroke Was never heard the nymphs to daunt, Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt. There, in close covert by some brook, Where no profaner eye may look, Hide me from day's garish eye, While the bee with honeyed thigh, That at her flowery work doth sing, And the waters murmuring, With such consort as they keep, Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep. And let some strange mysterious dream Wave at his wings, in airy stream Of lively portraiture displayed, Softly on my eyelids laid; And, as I wake, sweet music breathe Above, about, or underneath, Sent by some spirit to mortals good, Or the unseen genius of the wood.

TO MIRTH

JOHN MILTON

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and joyful jollity, Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles Such as hang on Hebe's cheek And love to live in dimple sleek; Sport that wrinkled Care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it as you go On the light fantastic toe; And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty; And, if I give thee honor due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew, To live with her and live with thee. In unreproved pleasures free: To hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull night From his watch-tower in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise; Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the sweet-briar, or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine; While the cock with lively din Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn-door, Stoutly struts his dames before: Oft listening how the hounds and horn Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn

From the side of some hoar hill Through the high wood echoing shrill; Some time walking, not unseen, By hedge-row elms on hillocks green Right against the eastern gate, Where the great sun begins his state Robed in flames and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries dight; While the ploughman, near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale. Straight mine eve hath caught new pleasures Whilst the landscape round it measures: Russet lawns and fallows gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray; Mountains, on whose barren breast The laboring clouds do often rest; Meadows trim with daisies pied, Jan T. Shallow brooks, and rivers wide; Towers and battlements it sees Bosom'd high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies, The cynosure of neighboring eves. ~ And ever against eating cares Lap me in soft Lydian airs Married to immortal verse, Such as the meeting soul may pierce, In notes of many a winding bout Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

THE LOSS OF THE BRIG

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON (Edinburgh, Scotland, 1850-1894). - A distinguished novelist. On account of poor health, his education was interrupted and much time was spent in travel. He became a great student of human nature from life and in books. In 1889 he made a voyage to the Southern Pacific, settled in Samoa, where he died. His best known works are: "Treasure Island," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Kidnapped," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "A Child's Garden of Verses."

By this time, now and then sheering to one side or the other to avoid a reef, but still hugging the wind and the land, we had got round Iona and begun to come alongside Mull. The tide at the tail of the land ran very strong and threw the brig about. Two hands were put to the helm, and the captain himself would sometimes lend a help; and it was strange to see three strong men throw their weight upon the tiller, and it, like a living thing, struggle against and drive them back. This would have been the greater danger had not the sea been for some while free of obstacles.

"Keep her away a point," cried the lookout from the top: "reef to windward."

Just at the same time the tide caught the brig, and threw the wind out of her sails. She came round into the wind like a top, and the next moment struck

From "Kidnapped," by special permission of Mr. Lloyd Osborne, San Francisco.

the reef with such a dunch as threw us all flat upon the deck, and came near to shake the lookout from his place upon the mast. I was on my feet in a minute. The reef on which we had struck was close in under the southwest end of Mull, off a little island they call Earraid, which lay low and black upon the larboard. Sometimes the swell broke clean over us; sometimes it only ground the poor brig upon the reef, so that we could hear her beat herself to pieces; and what with the great noise of the sails, and the singing of the wind, and the flying of the spray in the moonlight and the sense of danger, I think my head must have been partly turned, for I could scarcely understand the things I saw.

Presently I observed the seamen busy round the skiff, and, still in the same blank, ran over to assist them; and as soon as I set my hand to work, my mind became clear again. It was no very easy task, for the skiff lay amidships and was full of hamper, and the breaking of the heavier seas continually forced us to give over and hold on; but we all wrought like horses while we could. Meanwhile such of the wounded as could move came clambering out of the fore-scuttle and began to help; while the rest that lay helpless in their bunks harrowed me with screaming and begging to be saved. The captain took no part. It seemed he was struck stupid. He stood holding by the shrouds, talking to himself and groaning out aloud whenever the ship hammered on the rock. His brig was like wife and child to him, and he seemed to suffer along with her.

We had one of the wounded men told off to keep a watch upon the seas and cry us warning. Well, we had the boat about ready to be launched, when this man sang out pretty shrill: "For God's sake, hold on!" We knew by his tone that it was something more than ordinary; and, sure enough, there followed a sea so huge that it lifted the brig right up and canted her over on her beam. Whether the cry came too late, or my hold was too weak, I know not; but at the sudden tilting of the ship I was cast clean over the bulwarks into the sea.

I went down, and drank my fill, and then came up, and got a blink of the moon, and then down again. They say a man sinks a third time for good. I cannot be made like other folk, then; for I would not like to write how often I went down, or how often I came up again. All the while I was being hurled along, and beaten upon and choked, and then swallowed whole; and the thing was so distracting to my wits that I was neither sorry nor afraid.

Presently, I found I was holding to a spar, which helped me somewhat. And then all of a sudden I was in quiet water, and began to come to myself. It was the spare yard I had got hold of, and I was amazed to see how far I had travelled from the brig. I hailed her, indeed; but it was plain she was already out of cry. She was still holding together; but whether or not they had yet launched the boat, I was too far off to see.

While I was hailing the brig, I spied a tract of water lying between us where no great waves came, but which yet boiled white all over and bristled in the moon with rings and bubbles. Sometimes the whole tract swung to one side, like the tail of a live serpent; sometimes, for a glimpse, it would all disappear and then boil up again. What it was I had no guess, which for the time increased my fear of it; but I now know it must have been the roost or tide race, which had carried me away so fast and tumbled me about so cruelly, and at last as if tired of that play, had flung out me and the spare yard upon its landward margin.

I now lay quite becalmed, and began to feel that a man can die of cold as well as of drowning. The shores of Earraid were close in; I could see in the moonlight the dots of heather and the sparkling of the mica in the rocks. "Well," thought I to myself, "if I cannot get as far as that, it's strange!"

I had no skill of swimming, but when I laid hold upon the yard with both arms, and kicked out with both feet, I soon began to find that I was moving. Hard work it was and mortally slow, but in about an hour of kicking and splashing I had got well in between the points of a sandy bay surrounded by low hills.

The sea was here quite quiet; there was no sound of any surf; the moon shone clear, and I thought in my heart I had never seen a place so desert and desolate. But it was dry land; and when at last it grew so shallow that I could leave the yard and wade ashore upon my feet, I cannot tell if I was more tired or more grateful. Both at least I was: tired as I never was before that night; and grateful to God as I trust I have often been, though never with more cause.

IN MEMORIAM

A.H.H. Obiit. MDCCCXXXIII.

ALFRED TENNYSON

CHRISTMAS EVE

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round From far and near on mead and moor Swell out and fail, as if a door Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule

For they controll'd me when a boy;

They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,

The merry merry bells of Yule.

With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve,

Which brings no more a welcome guest To enrich the threshold of the night With shower'd largess of delight In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house:

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses loving nothing new;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time? They too will die.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land,
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sung with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet;
'They rest', we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us although they change;

'Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
With gather'd power yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

NEW YEAR EVE.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind. Ring out a slowly dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

SPRING

Now fades the last long streak of snow, Now burgeons every maze of quick About the flowering squares, and thick By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
Or winding stream or distant sea,

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast Spring wakens too, and my regret Becomes an April violet And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

